WEEK ENDING SEPT. 13 1924

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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In this Issue:

George Ade

on

"Too Much Sunshine"

The Enchanted Breakfast!

Fairy grains with the flavor of nut meats—

HERE is lightness and brightness—food enchanted—in the form of a breakfast dish. Grains of rice steam exploded to 8 times their normal size, crisp and flaky, more enticing than you ever dreamed a food could be.

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Quaker Puffed Wheat **Quaker Puffed Rice**

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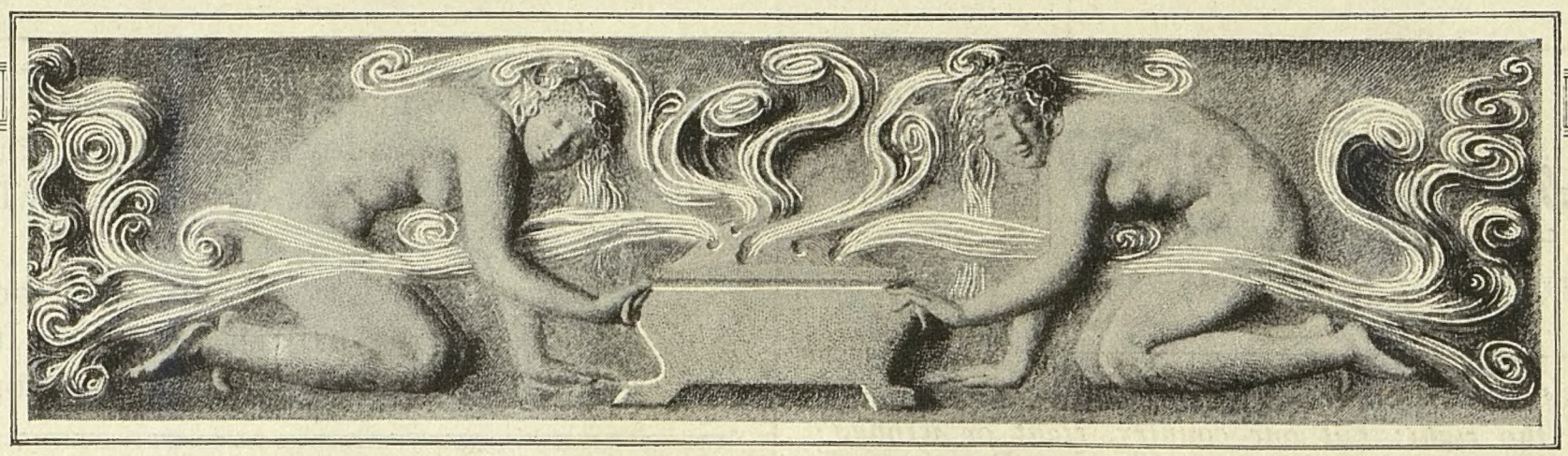

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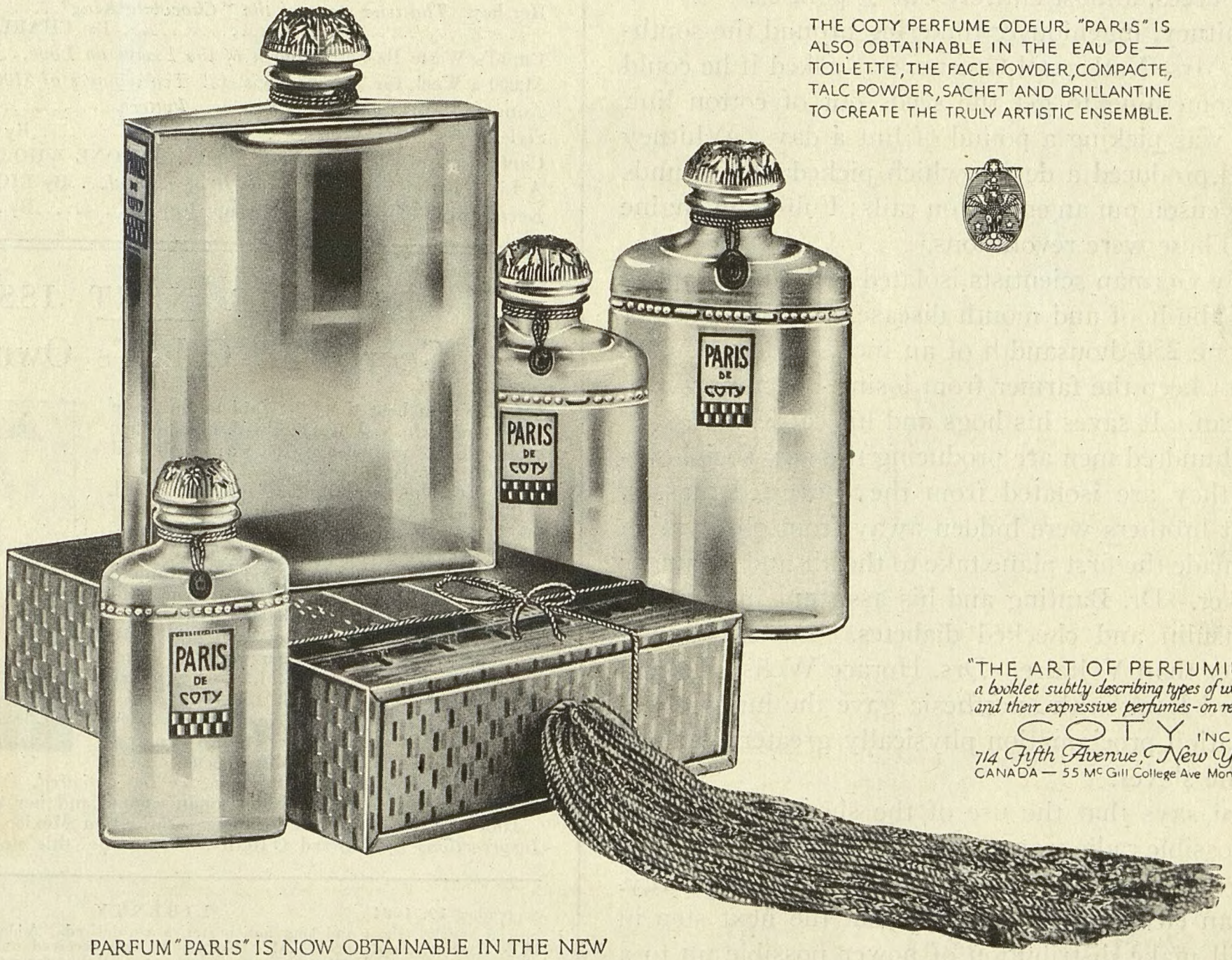

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SEPT. 13, 1924

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

PRINCES OF THE BRAIN

Until, roughly, a hundred years ago most progress was political. Otherwise people were not doing many things much better than they had been done for three or four thousand years. Some things they were not doing as well. They had learned navigation and discovered the world. By revolution and evolution they had broken down feudalism. They had become extensive traders. They had put dynastic tyrannies under check and control. They had won their bills of rights. By concerted action of masses under brilliant leadership and inspiration of soldier or philosopher, they were making government conform to their will.

Within the last hundred years life has been modified year by year, not by concerted action but by the brilliant individual working on his own initiative and with virtually his own resources, almost entirely out of politics.

Eli Whitney, ingeniously tinkering around the southern home of Mrs. Nathanael Greene, was asked if he could not devise something to get the seeds out of cotton lint. Hand labor was picking a pound of lint a day. Whitney tinkered and produced a device which picked fifty pounds of lint. Stevenson put an engine on rails; Fulton an engine on water. These were revolutions.

Recently German scientists isolated and photographed the germ of the hoof and mouth disease, an organism not more than one 250-thousandth of an inch. Congressional action cannot keep the farmer from losing his stock. The laboratory can. It saves his hogs and his cattle.

Half a hundred men are producing the new social evolution and they are isolated from the concerted masses. The Wright brothers were hidden away from observation when they made the first plane take to the air and fly under its own power. Dr. Banting and his assistant in Toronto produced insulin and checked diabetes. Pasteur was a greater leader than Voltaire. Drs. Horace Wells, Morton, and Crawford Long with anesthesia gave the human race an emancipation proclamation physically greater than the freeing of the slaves.

Marconi says that the use of the short wave length will make possible radio transmission in commercial service with a range of 23,000 miles with one kilowatt of energy. An American electrical genius says that the next step in progress will make distribution of power possible up to a thousand miles. That means superpower — a revolution in energy.

The daily life of the American woman is more influenced by the vacuum cleaner than the vote. A perfected oil burner will do more in the American home than a congressional act. Anti-toxins and serums are protecting life. The Rockefeller Institute can rescue a whole section from the hook worm.

Real leadership is now in an aristocracy of intelligence, aloof from all concerted mass action. It is the invisible government, not only invisible but incomprehensible.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

George M. Cohan's Own Story

"CAN you beat that?" I said to the little tenor who was dressing with me, "Albee said he'd give me what my act was worth, and he hands me six dollars."

"What's the extra dollar for?" he asked.

George M. Cohan has written the story of his life expressly for Liberty. In his inimitable "Yankee Doodle" style he tells of his start at the age of eight as a fiddler-trouper, and follows his career to the present high place he occupies in the theatrical world.

You'll "go on the stage" and stay "till the show's over"—when you read *20 Years on Broadway*, by George M. Cohan, which begins in the next issue of Liberty.

And in this only one of many treats is in store for you. Viola Brothers Shore has written another of her inimitable discussions of modern life entitled *Why Women Are Discontented.* You'll recognize many a friend in this delightful whimsy upon woman and her troubles.

How the Teapot Dome schemers worked in Mexico is told in *Well Oiled Insurrections* by Edward O'Reilly. Don't miss this story!

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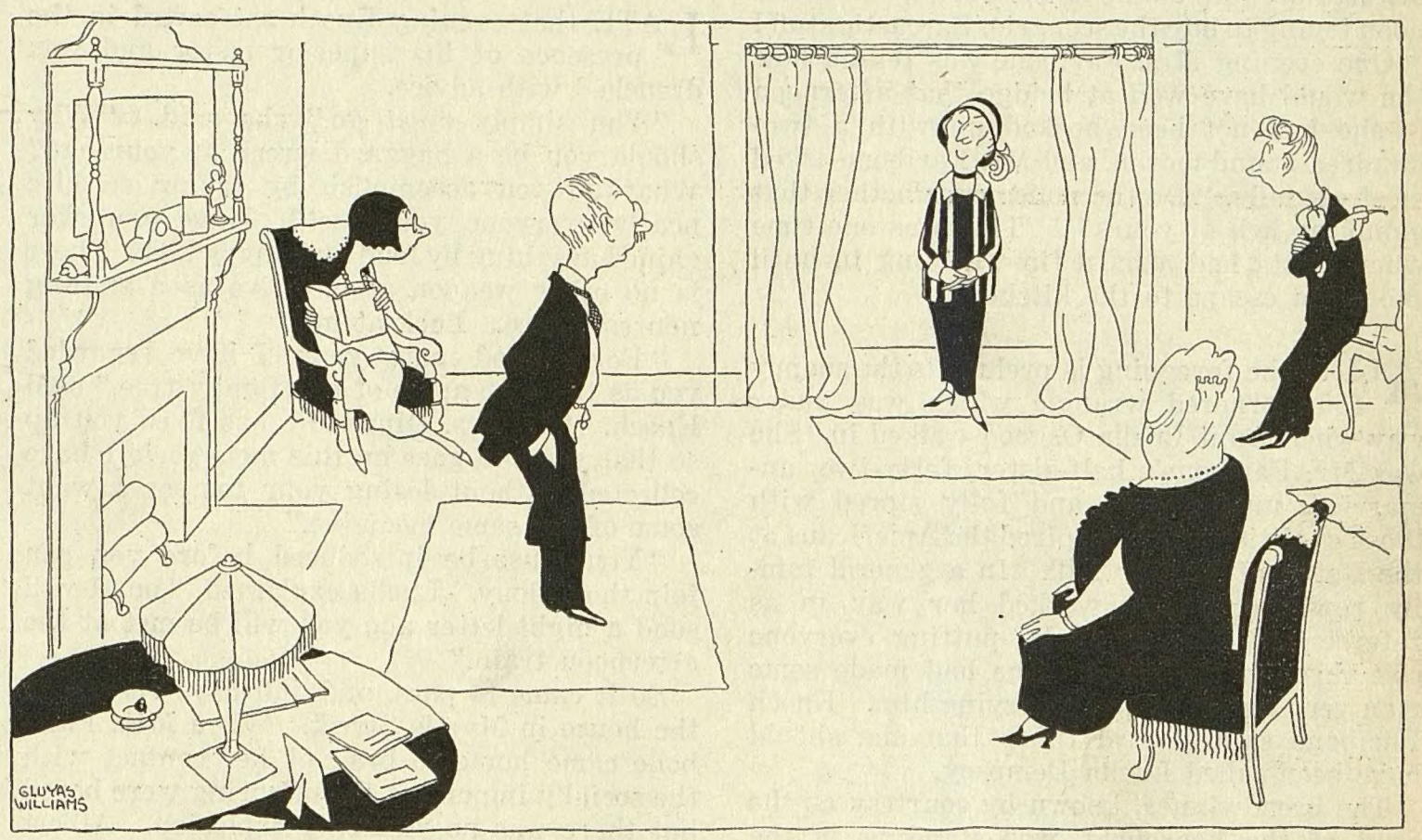
Too Much SUNSHINE

or—Why Not Consult Mrs. Dinwiddie?

Before Inviting Polly-anna to Occupy Your Spare Bedroom, Read This Interesting Little Comedy by

GEORGE ADE

Pictures by GLUYAS WILLIAMS



The war drums were beating when in walked Luella.

IT was twilight in Armageddon. Mr. Enoch Faribone, the most typical American father in the whole realm of fiction, had just returned to his home in Myrtle Street, where he laid aside his working clothes and put on his fighting clothes. Regarding his general condition it may be said that he was weak and under weight but still determined and a glutton for punishment.

Mrs. Enoch Faribone, *née* Whipple, of the Springfield Whipples, had put in a testy afternoon in a large apartment where the East Wind blows forever over the huddled victims of mah jongg. She returned to the cubical mansion in Myrtle Street more than ever steeled in her resolve to move her tribe away from a hateful juxtaposition to garages and Greek candy stores and into the landscaped regularities of Lincoln Boulevard.

Rosalie was heavy-eyed and throbbing at 6 P. M., for she had put in three hours on her scenario. It was to be screened, eventually, for Tommy Meighan, if she could find some way of getting word to Mr. Meighan. The title had not been fixed upon, but it would contain the word "shackles" or the word "fetters."

Albert had been in his studio—once known as a haymow, before the stable became a garage. The fact that a building once used by horses was preserved at the alley end of the Faribone premises will give the alert reader a line on the general stage setting.

To look at Enoch Faribone one would never suspect him of begetting a sculptor. Mr. Faribone didn't think that he had. It is true that Albert had hung gunny sack curtains in the ex-haymow and wore a short Mother Hubbard of the kind affected by starving painters in the Latin Quarter, and, also, he smoked a pipe, but he never had carved any stone. He was still modeling in soft clay, and if the figure he called "Disconsolate" looked, to Faribone Sr., like a half-melted chocolate eclair, Albert could afford to smile and pity. For Albert was a convert to the cubist-impressionist school which he had discovered in Vanity Fair, while father was still loyal to the Rogers groups.

Before the gong sounds please identify the contestants and learn the conditions under which they are fighting.

ENOCH FARIBONE was determined to remain forever in the old house in Myrtle Street, even if it did have windows in the mansard roof. Mrs. Faribone wished to take a two-floor apartment ($15,000 a year) in the New Cristobel. Rosalie favored a country place near the Brierly Golf Club. Albert thought his father should retire from trade and spend the short remainder of an ill-spent life in Paris. Go ahead and try to pick some harmony out of that paragraph!

Faribone Sr. was partial to an evening repast to be known as "supper," constructed against a background of beefsteak. It required the services of two people to get him into evening clothes—one to apply the anesthetic. Mrs. Faribone counted that day lost which did not bring out the gold-bordered dishes with the English mark on the back. She would have preferred to dine about the time Enoch was getting ready to go to bed. (By the way, he hated pajamas. You know the type.) Rosalie could have made out at any meal with six courses of fudge. Albert might have kept house with a chafing dish.

It was Gusta who carried the news bulletins to Katie.

It may mean a saving of words to announce that no two Faribones were in full agreement upon anything whatsoever. Mrs. Faribone wanted Rosalie to give up literature and learn to play the harp. Mr. Faribone wanted Rosalie to overcome the habit of saying "Charge it to father." Albert wanted her to take up painting, so that he could count on her for one-half of the studio expense in Paris.

Enoch Faribone had been trying to induce his son Albert to live in the factory town of East Defiance for awhile and learn the production end of the business. Mrs. Faribone had always said that Albert would do well in the diplomatic service. Rosalie was hoping that Albert would take a long trip somewhere. It reads like a pocket edition of the League of Nations, doesn't it?

The slightly fossilized slave to business, the matron of vague but yearning social ambitions, the interesting flapper troubled with culture pains, and the fuzzy apostle of the unreachable in art were having what is known in the Sharkey Athletic Club as a "battle royal."

IT was rare entertainment for Gusta and Katie. They were listening in from the butler's pantry, which was just a way-station for dishes, as the Faribones never had enjoyed a butler—not even a colored boy.

The family seldom had any trouble in keeping help, because each servant received a free ringside seat every day. Life was just one Verdun after another in that respectable Myrtle Street home. Somebody was always trying to keep somebody else from passing, with a resulting verbal impact suggesting the coming together of an irresistible force and an immovable object.

Gusta was from the north of Europe and Katie was a removed subject of the Free Republic, but they were united in affection for a home in which there never was a dull evening.

Gusta was the maid. Mr. Faribone called

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her "the hired girl." He was still sixty-five per cent farm hand. It was Gusta who carried the news bulletins to Katie in the kitchen. Usually Mr. Faribone said the things which were good enough to be relayed. He would ask Albert how he was coming on with his mud pies, or possibly want to know if D. W. Griffith had been up at the house during the afternoon trying to buy the scenario. Sarcastic stuff!

One evening Mrs. Faribone was telling how she would have won at bridge that afternoon if she had not been hooked up with a two-hundred-pound moron, and Mr. Faribone asked most casually, "Do the police ever bother that gambling hell of yours?" That was one time when Gusta had a hard time holding in until she could escape to the kitchen.

ALL of the foregoing is prelude to the snappy four-cornered wrangle which was under way when Aunt Luella Osgood walked in. She was Mr. Faribone's half-sister, forty-two, unmarried, undismayed, and fully stored with those qualities which inspired the Americans at the Battle of Bunker Hill. In a general family row she usually worked her way in as referee and finished up by putting everyone else through the ropes. She had made some man very happy by not marrying him. Enoch Faribone said several times that she should have been called Luella Dempsey.

The breadwinner, known by courtesy as the head of the household, was standing in the center of a rug denouncing mature women who played cards every afternoon, foolish maidens who gave themselves over to sickly ambitions, and spoon-fed sons who affect scorn for every world's hero who faces a weekly pay roll.

The war drums were beating and the carnage was beginning on schedule time when, as remarked, in walked Aunt Luella Osgood.

It was Luella and it was not Luella. The Faribones suddenly recalled that she had not attended one of the family Kilkennys for a full month. (She owned a suburban cottage in Oakdale, seven miles away. Enoch called it a "cat farm.") And now, seeing her, they stared in amazement.

She seemed to be swathed in a soft radiance, the same as you detect in the middle bulb of a radio set. An invisible halo circled her new-style hat. The grim lines had disappeared from a countenance which for years had been the trade mark of her ancestry, suggesting the consecrated firmness of a Puritan mother waiting to be attacked by the Indians.

It is difficult to describe in words, but the Faribones sensed a transfiguration.

"What's happened to you?" demanded Mrs. Faribone. "Is it the hat or the girlish black-and-white sweater?"

"It is neither," replied Aunt Luella, in a voice which sounded more like a twitter. "I have spent a month with Mrs. Dinwiddie. I have been done over. A new world has opened to me. For the first time I see things as they are. At last I realize that whatever may happen is relatively unimportant—that no harm can befall me except from within. You may call it a cult, a religion, or a philosophy, just as you please. All I know is that I have found peace of mind because the circumstances of my environment have ceased to control me and are now my humble slaves. Happiness has been achieved because I have learned that the facts of life which used to make me unhappy are utterly trivial and not worth considering. I have simply gone upstairs to a pleasanter region and left the petty annoyances behind me. Of course, you can detect the change. Compared to me, Pollyanna was a grouch."

Luella had learned most of the foregoing out of a book.

The Faribones were so stunned that dinner was delayed fifteen minutes while the interrupted warriors learned of the wonders being worked by Mrs. Dinwiddie at her school in the woods up near Sunset Lake. Gusta and Katie heard a lot of talk they did not understand.

LATE that evening Enoch sat cowed in the presence of his superior sister and was drenched with advice.

"You simply *must* go," she said. "Why should you be a haggard wreck at your age? What do you accomplish by trying to bite nearly everyone you meet? Have you ever gained anything by loud and angry talk? There is no other weapon so effective as a smiling nonresistance. Look at me."

"For a good many years I have regarded you as the crab apple of our family tree," said Enoch. "If Mrs. Dinwiddie has fixed you up so that you can gaze on this menagerie I have collected without losing your temper I want some of the same medicine."

"You must be introduced before you can join the Colony," Luella explained, "but I will send a night letter and you will be met at the afternoon train."

So it came to pass, and dull days ensued at the house in Myrtle Street. When Mrs. Faribone came home to brag of her contact with the socially important the offspring were bored but there was no resulting explosion. Albert started on a new symbolic figure to be called Introspection. Rosalie rebuilt her entire scenario, changing the character of the heroine from that of an heiress who had been kidnaped by the gypsies to a simple country maiden who went up to the city without a chaperon. There was a silent exchange of contempt between brother and sister, while a disappointed mother sat sniffling at both. A lack of harmony, but no real entertainment for Gusta and Katie.

It became evident that Enoch Faribone had been the pacemaker. Without him each daily session was surcharged with dullness. The sporting event had degenerated into a Quaker meeting. No one said so, but everyone was waiting for Faribone Sr. to come home and start something. The other combatants were in fighting humor, but they lacked initiative.

ENOCH went away a Bengal tiger and came back a Cheshire cat. He stood on the same rug and gazed at his time-honored antagonists, but instead of barking at them he beamed. They wanted action and the taste of blood and he gave them the beautiful doctrines of Dinwiddie.

"The point is that you yield none of your convictions," he explained. "You do not compromise with opposition. You simply ignore it, because it is a harmful influence. If my wife wastes her time with a lot of enameled female relics, and my daughter who cannot spell wants to be literary, and my son with the hollow brain cavity wants to play in the mud, I refuse to approve, but also I decline to become agitated. All of God's creatures are defective in spots, and simply because I have been made the custodian of an unusually defective bunch is no reason why I should sit in the darkness and mourn. I will place a garland of flowers about my neck and go out and hear the birds sing."

"Any time you begin wearing flowers and listening to birds it's time we applied for a custodian," said Mrs. Faribone, crisply.

That was the cue for an outbreak, but Mr. Faribone simply smiled. It was a mealy, mushy, patronizing, Sunday School superintendent kind of a smile. It was the kind of smile which can be more insulting than a slap in the face. It seemed to say, "I do not hate you. I pity you."

Mrs. Faribone gasped like a goldfish in distress, but she recognized the fact that she was helpless in the face of the new tactics.

That smile was the first of a thousand, or rather it was the beginning of a continuous, nonstop Marathon smile with which Mr. Faribone embroidered his home for many days to follow. Luella came over and made it a duet. They agreed that nothing in the world made any difference if all the inner lamps were trimmed and burning. Enoch and his sister carried the maximum illumination.

"How can you kick a man when he is holding your hand and smiling at you?" asked Albert at the important afternoon conference held just one week after Enoch had returned.

"If he doesn't stop showing his teeth at me I'll shriek," said Rosalie, who was becoming so thin that she really *did* look literary.

"Our only hope is to fight him with his own weapons," said Mrs. Faribone, firmly.

"We will spend a month with Mrs. Dinwiddie, then come back and smile him to a finish."

SIX weeks later Gusta and Katie were packing up. When they gave notice, one smile evaporated. Mr. Faribone sought them in their neat but cramped quarters looking out toward the studio.

"What do you girls mean by leavin' us flat?" he asked. "Haven't we been kind to you?"

"You have," replied Katie, looking him in the eye. "All of you have been so sweet that the kitchen is knee-deep in molasses. If you must know, I want to work for real humans and not a lot of looneys. Everything used to be so pleasant and lively, and now——"

"You're right!" exclaimed Mr. Faribone. "It's that damned Mrs. Dinwiddie! I've repressed my natural emotions until I'll bet I've got a blood pressure of two-eighty. But don't you girls quit me. Stick around!"

He dashed down the back stairway and they saw him scooting through the yard toward the ex-stable. Then, soon after, staccato shrieks of agony could be heard beyond the gunny sack curtains. Mr. Faribone was mutilating the figure to be known as Introspection, using the sharp end of a trowel.

They saw him come charging back toward the house, with Albert in his wake—pale, protesting loudly and no longer smiling.

They heard sounds of lamentation from the east wing where the almost completed script of a photoplay for Thomas Meighan was being savagely torn into bits.

It chanced that just as Enoch Faribone, pursued by an hysterical maiden attired mostly in kimono, came to the living room where Albert was telling his mother all about it, the telephone rang. With imperious gesture Mr. Faribone waved his wife away and listened.

"No!" he shouted into the transmittter. "My wife is tired of paying her money to you old hens!"

Then Gusta and Katie, listening from the so-called butler's pantry, heard:

"I'll make my own way in the world and show you that——"

"After all my hard work it was simply brutal of you——"

"How dare you attempt to regulate my——"

"Shut up!"

It was then that Katie, who read the newspapers, said to Gusta: "Let's go and unpack. We're back to normalcy."

THE END

Does the idea of being a witness in court give you a sensation of panic? Then read Samuel Untermyer's advice on how to conduct yourself. You may need it sometime.

"If the witness is honest he has nothing whatever to fear when he faces examination."

The Right Way to Face
A CROSS-EXAMINATION

By SAMUEL McCOY

Pictures by R. G. JONES

[*SAMUEL UNTERMYER of New York is one of the most brilliant trial lawyers in America. Besides his long record of highly constructive public activities, the victories he has won at the bar and the achievements to his credit in the investigation of conspiracies against the public welfare and the correction of abuses by remedial legislation are too numerous to be recounted. In every inquiry, whether before a court or a commission, his handling of witnesses has been masterly.*

Besides his public services, which have been performed without compensation, in his private practice Mr. Untermyer has earned among the largest single fees ever paid a lawyer.

Those who have not seen Mr. Untermyer in action have missed a rare intellectual treat. His questioning of witnesses reveals a mind that drives steadily toward its purpose and is illuminated by lightning flashes of genius. He seems to exert almost a hypnotic power over the witness on the stand, bringing out the truth from the most reluctant. In his forty-five years at the bar he has examined perhaps ten thousand or more witnesses. Mr. Untermyer KNOWS whereof he speaks.—Editor's Note.]

HOW ought the ordinary man or woman answer when questioned upon the witness stand in court? You yourself, for example, may be summoned to appear in some case when you least expect it. What makes a "good" witness?

I put that question to the man who is singularly qualified to answer it — Samuel Untermyer of the New York bar. Besides being a writer and publicist and a corporation lawyer, he is perhaps the most famous trial lawyer in active practice in the United States today. In his long and brilliantly successful career he has questioned more than ten thousand witnesses. And therefore it was to Mr. Untermyer I went to ask:

"What is a 'good' witness?"

"A 'good' witness," replied Mr. Untermyer instantly, "is primarily *one who is telling the truth* and who has a reasonably good memory and an appearance of honesty."

"Why isn't it enough to say, 'one who is telling the truth'?" I asked.

"Because," Mr. Untermyer replied, "a witness may be telling the truth and still have an unprepossessing appearance and a poor or mistaken recollection of the facts.

"An overly subtle witness, or one who is trying to hide something, is not a 'good' witness, no matter how intelligent he may be. His testimony is likely to break down under the proper cross-examination. It seldom happens that any two or more men who witness an occurrence see or recall it in the same way. One man will carry away one impression, and another, equally honest, quite a different one."

I asked Mr. Untermyer to define the opposite of a "good" witness.

"A 'bad' witness," answered the lawyer, "is primarily a man who is lying, prevaricating, or evading questions, or who gives the general impression of being shifty, tricky, or flippant and overconfident of himself."

"Is lying a common thing upon the witness stand?" I inquired. "Does it often happen that a man who has solemnly taken his oath

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to tell the truth and nothing but the truth upon the witness stand deliberately violates that solemn promise? Are there actually many such witnesses?"

"Perjury is rampant in the courts!" answered Mr. Untermyer indignantly. "And the reason for its alarming frequency is that it is dealt with far too gently and is rarely punished."

I asked what method of bringing the perjurer to justice might be contrived, if the present procedure permits him too easily to escape.

"Perjury does not prevail to anything like the same extent in other countries," Mr Untermyer said. "That is not because they are more honest than we are, but because they prosecute false swearing and we do not."

"I HAVE long contended," he continued thoughtfully, "that the only way to check perjury with us is to require the judge and jury in every case to certify, with the verdict, whether in their opinion there has been false swearing on either side, without furnishing names, whereupon it would become the duty of the presiding judge to certify the facts to the prosecuting attorney. He in turn would be required to investigate and prosecute, or else to file a report explaining why no prosecution has been attempted. I am confident that such a course would reduce the present prevalence of perjury. It is literally undermining the entire administration of justice."

"How is it that perjury is ever successful?" I asked. "Can't it be exposed while the case is in progress?"

"Sometimes; but one has not always the facts at hand. This is especially true in complicated cases where the cross-examiner is not quick and skillful in dealing with a clever and plausible liar. Perjury often succeeds in the courts, but its success is mainly due either to want of skill in cross-examination or to the absence of a full understanding of the facts of the case. In other words, to want of proper preparation of his case on the part of the examiner.

"Frequently it is due also to misinformation or to his being misled by his client. One of the chief difficulties of the lawyer is to get from his own client all the truth. Unless he is thorough, alert, and painstaking, he gets mainly half truths and is thus led into unwise cross-examination.

"The recent case of W. E. D. Stokes fairly illustrates my meaning. In his unsuccessful attempt to win a divorce, Stokes spent money with a most lavish hand. He kept up his fight for years. When the case came to trial for the last time he had a long array of witnesses, said to be about seventy, on tap. After twenty-three of them had been called to the stand and cross-examined his lawyers decided that they would not summon the rest of them because of the poor showing that had been made.

"Such witnesses fall easy victims to the skilled cross-examiner. The cross-examination of Stokes' witnesses revealed so many contradictory statements that the jurymen were told by me that if they believed any considerable number of these statements they ought to bring in a verdict against Mrs. Stokes! Of course, they did nothing of the kind. But that was an exceptional case. The task of exposure is not always so easy."

"I recall that several of those witnesses were women," I remarked. "Can it be said that men make better witnesses, as a rule, than women?"

"Decidedly not!" said Mr. Untermyer with emphasis. "Women who have never before been in a courtroom frequently make better witnesses than men who have been often called to testify."

"WHY is it," I asked, "that many men who have the reputation of being shrewd and intelligent become confused when they are on the witness stand and make a bad impression?"

"Because," said Mr. Untermyer, "many witnesses who are telling the truth make 'bad' witnesses. They feel it necessary to be too much on the alert to protect themselves or the interests of the litigants by whom they are summoned. They are perpetually subconsciously trying to weigh their statements against what opposing witnesses may say."

My next question was, "What sort of testimony, or, rather, what sort of witness best impresses a jury?"

Mr. Untermyer did not hesitate in his answer for a moment.

"It is largely the *manner* in which the testimony is given and the impression made by the witness, especially under cross-examination," said Mr. Untermyer, "that makes its appeal to the jury, rather than the substance of his testimony."

That seems something worth pondering.

"If the witness," continued Mr. Untermyer, "seems honest——"

I interrupted him. "Do you mean to say that honesty can be imitated?" I exclaimed. I had in mind the old theory—perhaps you hold to it, too—that the person who has lived a life of honesty comes to have inherent frankness and truthfulness visible in his face and demeanor, a something which cannot be imitated. Honesty be imitated? It seemed incredible!

Mr. Untermyer smiled.

"Honesty can *readily* be simulated," he asserted. "I have known dozens of untrustworthy witnesses who, as they came upon the stand, gave every appearance of being the most honest and reputable individuals imaginable. The jury was impressed, just as anyone who saw these persons would be. If such a witness is not discredited on cross-examination in his testimony he will leave behind him in the minds of the jurymen the impression that he has been telling the truth. Yes, some witnesses give the appearance of honesty while thoroughly dishonest."

"Are there any outward signs, then, by which one may know whether or not a witness is telling the truth?"

"None," replied Mr. Untermyer, "except as they may be developed by cross-examination. A witness may be honest in the testimony he is giving, and yet his makeup, his physiognomy, and a past record of a questionable character may be such that he will create an unfavorable impression on the men who are to bring in the verdict. If you want to be known as a 'good' witness, see to it that you are born with an honest, open countenance, and keep it that way all through life.

"The cross-examiner must be a keen judge of human nature. He must reach his conclusions rapidly and must be able to shift from point to point and to suspend a given line of cross-examination suddenly when he perceives that a dishonest or prevaricating witness has been put on his guard, to adopt another line of questions for a while, and then when the alertness of the witness on that point has been relaxed he must be able as suddenly to resume the original line of questioning.

"MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER was one of the most clever witnesses I have ever examined," added Mr. Untermyer with a reminiscent smile. "The old gentleman was called as a witness in the Waters-Pierce Oil Company case some ten years ago, and I questioned him with the view of establishing that the Standard Oil Company was in contempt of the United States Supreme Court dissolution order. After about half an hour of questioning I could see a curious glint in his eye, appearing again and again. I caught its significance, and found that it signified that he had visualized the ultimate purpose of a particular line of inquiry and that he could *see a question coming* about five questions ahead. So I would shift from line to line of questioning and resume it later when my foxy, interesting witness was again off his guard."

Mr. Untermyer's own eyes twinkled as he added, "I think I got from him eventually the testimony I was after and the case was satisfactorily settled."

There must have been something electric in that encounter between distinguished witness and distinguished examiner!

The court records show that Mr. Charles M. Schwab was, in 1903, the largest holder of United States Shipbuilding Company (afterward the Bethlehem Steel Corporation) bonds. He owned about ten million dollars of them, secured by mortgage on the entire plant. An effort was made by him to foreclose that mortgage, which would have wiped out about sixteen million dollars of junior securities.

In the course of that controversy a number of the most prominent men in the community were cross-examined by Mr. Untermyer, resulting in the complete collapse of the effort to wipe out the junior bondholders.

Some years later Mr. Untermyer matched wits with the president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Eugene R. Grace, in whose company Mr. Untermyer was reputed to have become one of the largest stockholders as the result of his successful championship of the junior bondholders.

"For more than hour," said the newspaper account, "Mr. Grace was subjected to a grilling examination by Mr. Untermyer, who was the company's largest stockholder. . . . Before Mr. Untermyer got through with him he admitted that he personally, the Bethlehem Steel Company, the Bethlehem subsidiaries, and practically all the steel interests of the country were endeavoring to kill off union

Mother Goose Gets an Awful Wallop

Rob Wagner — author, playwright, scenarist, and short story writer, movie cameraman and director — tells just what happens when a high pressure picture organization gets hold of a classic, and decides to "screen" it.

Read *The Filming of*

JACK and JILL

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

labor and to create non-union shops if human ingenuity could do it."

Is there a hypnotic influence surrounding the witness chair that makes even taciturn, close-lipped leaders of finance and industry—to say nothing of the ordinary man—make admissions to a shrewd questioner which he would never dream of making elsewhere?

Mr. Untermyer knows that there is. The veteran banker, George F. Baker, head of that tremendous institution, the First National Bank of New York City, had the reputation of never having granted a newspaper interview in fifty years. Compared to Mr. Baker the Sphinx was a chatterbox. Mr. Baker simply would *not* talk.

"WE called Mr. Baker to the witness stand," Mr. Untermyer told me in answer to my question to him on that subject, "when the Pujo Committee of Congress was endeavoring to ascertain whether or not a 'money trust' existed. After many weary weeks of persistent effort Mr. Baker was finally forced to make the significant admissions that there *was* a money trust and that it was dangerous to the nation—which drove the last nail and proved our case."

Moral: When you go on the witness stand, facing such a cross-examiner, you may as well make up your mind to tell the truth!

"Suppose a man who has never before been involved in a lawsuit should suddenly be summoned to appear as a witness in some case," I asked, "what should such a man, or any witness, bear in mind, when he takes the stand?"

"The truth, so far as he remembers it," shot back Mr. Untermyer. "That's all he need do—that, and the frank admission, when his memory is faulty, that he does not remember."

"What is the acid test for the truth?" I asked.

"I consider," said Mr. Untermyer, "that the supreme test of the truth is cross-examination properly conducted."

"There is, however, a wide difference between legitimate cross-examination and aimless pettifogging and the abuses of cross-examination that are too often included in that term. The attorney conducting the cross-examination must always have a clearly defined theory of what he wants to prove by the witness, based on sound reasons or deductions, and must hew closely to the line of that theory. If he wants to prove that the witness is deliberately testifying falsely, he proceeds on one theory. If he wants to establish that the witness is honestly mistaken he takes another tack. If his purpose is to show the infirmity of the memory of the witness he must pursue still another. Unless he has such a theory he should not cross-examine the witness. Too many men ask questions aimlessly, apparently merely for the purpose of asking them. That generally proves disastrous.

"If the cross-examiner has documentary evidence which will show the witness is testifying falsely, he should patiently withhold his evidence until he has exhausted the witness on that topic and is prepared to confront him with the contradictory and incontrovertible evidence.

"The gravest mistake in cross-examining witnesses is to nag at them on immaterial points. A witness who is telling a story in which truth and falsehood are intermingled is dangerous to a cross-examiner, unless he knows he has the evidence to controvert the false statements. In such a case he should lead the witness on to emphasize the false statement to his heart's content.

"If, however, the examiner is convinced that the witness is deliberately testifying falsely and that he has rehearsed his story so thoroughly that he cannot be shaken on the main points, he is more than likely to succeed in drawing him away on some side issue in which he will betray his mendacity."

ONCE again, for the benefit of the ordinary citizen who has never been on the witness stand and who therefore wants to know just what he is "up against," I asked a question:

"Has the honest witness anything to fear when he goes on the witness stand?"

Again there was no hesitation on the part of this famous lawyer.

"Fear anything if he is honest?" echoed Mr. Untermyer. "Certainly not! Absolutely nothing!

"If the witness is honest, not only as to the subject matter of his testimony, but has also been honest in the character of his life, he has nothing whatever to fear when he faces examination.

"In the last analysis, the keynote by which the court or jury is guided in weighing the testimony of a witness is character! There is a magnetism in character that is instantly recognized by the dullest and most callous, as well as by the man of probity, and that challenges respect. The more the cross-examiner assails such a man the more fatal to his client's cause. Cross-examination indicates truth with the same impartiality that it exposes falsehood."

THE END

WOULD YOU MAKE A GOOD WITNESS?

SAMUEL UNTERMYER

IT'S not much fun for anybody, this business of taking the witness stand and replying to a fire of questions from a lawyer who seems determined to convict you of perjury, whether you're guilty or not.

If you are trying to hide something you are ashamed of, your cross-examination may become a veritable torment. Even if you are innocent and honest, cross-examination may be terrifying.

Here's some advice from one of the greatest cross-examining lawyers in this country. He tells you, in the interview presented herewith, just what you are "up against" when you go on the witness stand, and just what you ought to keep in mind when testifying:

"Many witnesses, who are telling the truth," Mr. Untermyer asserts, "make 'bad' witnesses. They feel it necessary to be too much on the alert to protect themselves or the interests of the litigants by whom they are summoned. They are perpetually subconsciously trying to weigh their statements against what opposing witnesses may say.

"An overly subtle witness, or one who is trying to hide something, is not a 'good' witness, no matter how intelligent he may be. His testimony is likely to break down under the proper cross-examination.

"Women who have never before been in a courtroom frequently make better witnesses than men who have often been called to testify.

"It is largely the manner in which the testimony is given and the impression made by the witness, especially under cross-examination, that makes its appeal to the jury, rather than the substance of his testimony.

"A witness may be honest in the testimony he is giving, and yet his makeup, his physiognomy, and a past record of a questionable character may be such that he will create an unfavorable impression on the men who are to bring in a verdict. If you want to be known as a 'good' witness, see to it that you are born with an honest, open countenance, and keep it that way through life.

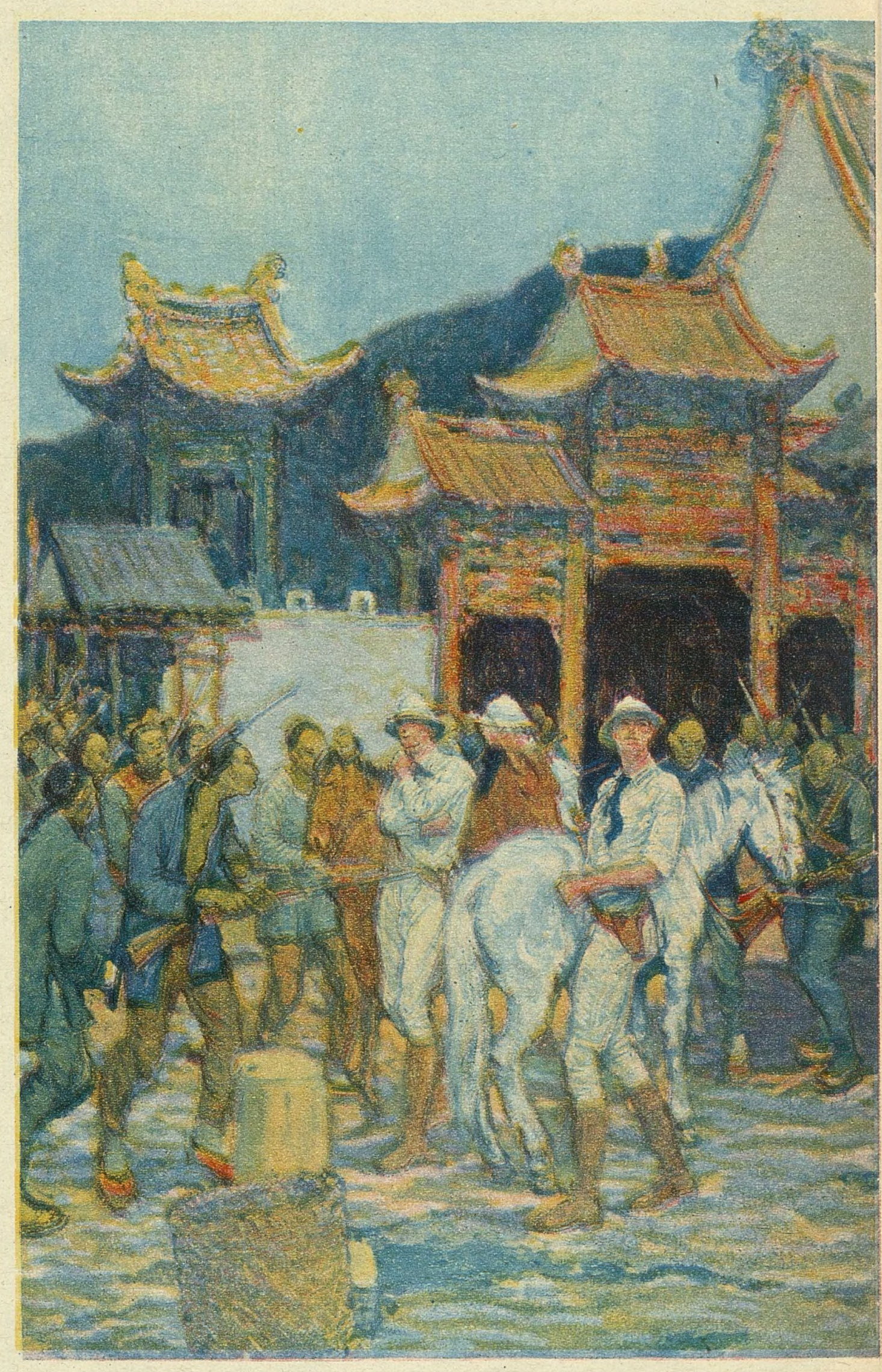
"A witness need bear in mind only the truth, so far as he remembers it. That's all he need do—that, and the frank admission, when his memory is faulty, that he does not remember.

"In the last analysis, the keynote by which a court or jury is guided in weighing the testimony of a witness is character!"

GENTLEMEN

The Chinese Bandit Dealt a Crooked Game. And a Frenchman, an Englishman, and an American Gambled Their Lives Upon the Cards! . . . . One of the Most Exciting Short Stories You've Read in a Long Time

Pictures by
HENRY J.
SOULEN



Rifles were pointed at their heads and

BREASTING the driving rain, four horsemen struggled in bedraggled procession through the quagmire which two hours before had been a road. Their gaunt little Chinese ponies waded wearily through the sticky, yellow clay, every step an effort.

On their left, dim through the leaden mist, stretched a line of telegraph poles, which marked the railroad leading to Hankow and civilization. A few yards ahead a branch road turned almost at right angles, a channel of mud and standing water, winding over the low hills to lose itself in the murk of the near horizon. As they neared the junction the pony of the leading rider slipped, lunged to recover its footing, and stumbled to its knees.

"Not much go left in him," the rider groaned, sliding from the saddle and standing knee deep in the muck while the exhausted animal floundered to its feet. The dismounted one hailed the other riders, who sat huddled in the driving rain.

"This must be the road to the village Ah Lai spoke of. That so, Ah Lai?" he called to the man in the rear, a Chinese mafoo, or horse boy.

The boy nodded, pointing up the diverging track.

"Two miles can catch 'em town. Plenty house. Plenty chow."

"What do you chaps think about it?" continued the dismounted traveler. "I know my beast won't go the twelve miles into Yun. At this village we will at least get shelter and feed for the horses. What say? Shall we turn off and chance it?"

"I vote for the town," agreed the second rider. "This nag of mine walks like he had skates on. How about it, Henri?"

"By all means," responded the third member of the party. "Night on this road would not be pleasant."

Stiffly the leader mounted his horse and the little company turned from the main highway and slowly made their way over the rise to the west.

The three foreigners, George Strowbridge, Jerry Landon, and Henri Gruard, engineers employed to make a survey of the iron ranges of Szechuen Provinces, had been en route to Hankow to attend a directors' conference of their company when an accident interrupted their journey. Undermined by the spring floods, a bridge had buckled, and the trestle approach had been carried away. A repair gang was on the job, but the construction of a temporary "shoo-fly" would require three or four days.

Strowbridge, Landon, and Gruard were in a hurry. Thirty miles south, at Yun, the next division point, they were sure of catching a shuttle train which would put them into Hankow on the day set for the conference. Taking council, they had decided to hire ponies and bridge the distance on horseback. They had expected to make the ride in a day.

UNAFRAID

By EDWARD O'REILLY

Keen bayonets were threatening them.

In their plan the engineers had neglected to count upon the weather, and Chinese weather in springtime is treacherous. An hour's rain had changed the hard packed trail into a bog, in which the horses sank knee deep in glue-like mud. The delay would mean a night passed in the noisy discomfort of a native inn, but they were old troopers, accustomed to hardships.

As they topped the rising ground west of the railroad track the little village took shape in the dusk. Possibly twenty clay and wattle huts clustered together and in the center there was a larger building flanked by a walled court yard. A group of men, swathed in the inevitable blue quilted jackets of farm coolies, gathered at the gateway of the inn's compound, silently watched the approach of the horsemen. The same village, the same inn, the same squad of loafers, which they had seen scores of times before.

Dismounting, they surveyed the yard. It seemed unusually crowded. Groups of silent figures clustered under the sheds which lined the walls, squatting around smouldering fires.

Suddenly a shrill yell of warning from the horse boy galvanized them into startled attention. As they wheeled toward the entrance the heavy gate slammed shut. A dozen natives were advancing from the hut beside the gate. Looped across their shoulders were bandoleers of cartridges. In their hands, held menacingly, were Mauser rifles, some with bayonets affixed.

The compound seemed suddenly filled with running men. Before they had time to realize their danger the three foreigners were surrounded by an armed mob. Rifles were pointed at their heads, keen bayonets were threatening them.

"Don't pull your pistols," shouted Strowbridge. "There is a mistake. Must be a bunch of government men from Yun."

A heavily built Chinese with Tatar features, who seemed to be in authority, stepped forward and unbuckled the engineers' belts, passing their weapons to others in the crowd. He grunted an order and motioned toward the back of the compound. Hustled with bayonets pressing their backs, the three foreigners were hurried across the yard and thrust into a mud-walled room. A moment later Ah Lai was kicked through the door, his face bloody from a cut on the head.

THE whole thing had happened so quickly, so unexpectedly, that the engineers had not had time to plan defense. One moment riding quietly into a peaceful looking inn yard; the next overwhelmed by scores of armed men who swarmed from every corner of the court.

"This is an outrage," Strowbridge was protesting. "We are peaceful travelers, as our passports will show. I demand to see the officer in charge."

No one seemed to hear him, or if they heard they ignored his complaints. The soldiers slowly dispersed. Three men with guns took stations at the opening of the kennel into which the foreigners had been driven. Another squad lounged near the gate. Groups again formed around the fires, chattering like sparrows quarreling. They had evidently been interrupted at their evening meal.

"No soldier man. This very bad pigeon," Ah Lai was explaining from the corner where he squatted, a figure of abject terror.

"Who are they? Rebels?" asked Landon.

"No rebel. This bandit man. This Wu Sung Ting," the horse boy wailed.

Startled, the three men looked at each other. Wu Sung Ting, the bandit scourge of Szechuen, the merciless killer, whose very name aroused a shudder of horror throughout the central and western provinces! Wu Sung Ting, who had massacred every living creature in the town of Lun Yung, slaying men, women and children, killing even the dogs in the streets, as

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN]

revenge for sheltering the soldiers who pursued him!

They were prisoners of a bandit chief who was notorious for his fanatic hatred of foreigners.

"But it seems ridiculous," Strowbridge argued in a bewildered tone, as though he could not realize their predicament. "Here we are twelve miles from Yun, a hotel, other foreigners, native soldiers. Two miles from the railroad. How could Wu Sung Ting be here?"

"They are not soldiers, that's sure," answered Landon. "They are not rebels, because rebels are painfully considerate of all foreigners. It's a dollar to a plugged nickel they are bandits, and if bandits, why not Wu Sung Ting? It would be like him to raid in this far east. He strikes where he is least expected."

"Him Wu Sung Ting. Me savvy," Ah Lai said.

"Guess he is right," Landon commented as he peered through the door, his eyes roving over the yard where their captors came and went, paying not the slightest attention to the prisoners. "Well, old timers, it looks like we are in the middle of a bad fix. Got anything to suggest?"

"No chance to run. No chance for a fight." Strowbridge stared helplessly around the tiny room. "Looks squally, what? Let the board of strategy sit down and go into session."

Sitting on the earth floor, their backs to the rear wall, facing the doorway, they discussed their chances of life and death and the possibility of escape. No loophole presented itself. They were trapped, helpless as flies in a web, at the mercy of the bloodiest killer in China, Wu Sung Ting, who knew no mercy.

Who was Wu Sung Ting? What did they know about him? There were many wild tales, rumors of weird cruelty, but few facts to throw light on the character of their captor.

It was said he had lived in the Hawaiian Islands, had worked on sailing ships through the ports of the east. Twice his career had become a matter of official record. In the British colony of Singapore he had knifed a countryman and had been sentenced to prison. A few months later he had escaped. Later he had been arrested in Saigon, a French possession, and had again been imprisoned. With an improvised bamboo lance he stabbed a guard and vanished in the swarming millions of his countrymen in the middle kingdom.

Three years ago he had appeared in western China at the head of a band of outlaws. Repudiated by all the political factions then struggling for supremacy, he had organized his own army, made war on all alike, and admitted allegiance to no man or government.

The worst element in Chi flocked to his banner, for with W Sung Ting there was good lo ing. All Central China learn to dread his name. Like a pa of wolves his band would swe down on a town, rob all who we worth robbing, kill the officia and vanish like sprites before t arrival of government soldiers.

It was said that he was o sessed with an insane hatred all foreigners. He had slain eve foreigner who had fallen into h hands, with one exception. A aged American missionary h been spared, but his servants h been beaten to death with gre bamboo rods.

This was all that was known the sinister history of the man in whose hands an ironic fate h thrust the three young enginee

IN low voices they discussed t problem, alert to any moveme in the compound. Knowing th captor, there seemed little ho They were not the type of men w shrink from the face of dang In the great war they had wo the uniforms of their native lan England, America, and France. the time when their every ho was threatened with the ghost death they had shown qualities high courage. This was differe To sit helpless, not being able strike a blow, waiting the wh of a savage executioner, was f worse than breasting the sto that reaped the battlefield.

Far into the night they talke their servant whimpering like puppy in the corner. He had aba doned hope.

"They seem to be settling dow Landon finally remarked. "Gue there won't be any party tonig Let two of us sleep and one mou guard. Change every two hou If we see any squalls coming t one on guard can wake the t others."

So it was agreed. Land squatted near the opening, wh the others stretched out in t dust and tried to rest. But re was not easy. Constantly th eyes opened to gaze into the da ness, where the soft tread of se tries, low muttered words, and t noise of a restless company of m came to them through the nigh

Always they had the sense being watched. Sometimes fro near the fires would come t gleam of eyes, shining ghost like those of a cat in the gloo The black eyes of the Chinese Indians will glow in the dark li those of an animal, while t brown, gray, or blue eyes of t white man will not.

Occasionally one of the ca fires would flicker into a feel blaze, illumining a group strange figures crouched like mo keys, or sprawling in the litter u der the sheds. Like a flash on screen a picture would leap out the darkness, lances with gau

nnons leaning against the wall, curved mitars hanging on the posts. A flat Mon-lian face would take form, turned with sul- suspicion toward the watchers.

The situation was suggestive of an evil eam, in which grotesque figures ronged in fantastic disorder. It was if the Golden Horde of Genghis Khan d come again, trooping down from bleak Tatar steppes, with murder a duty and destruction a creed.

those few hours history might have rolled back thousands of years to the ys when primitive man had to kill to e. The three men in the shed were ghly developed types of the civilized yan, inheriting a code of justice and r play. At no point in the centuries d the race experience of the Aryan d Mongolian met on common ground. ey were alien in customs, alien in als, speaking different tongues and nking different thoughts.

This Mongolian horde of outlaws was e a pack of wolves endowed with man cunning, using the tools and e of civilization with the motives of tial savagery.

The night was long. At times the ite men dozed uneasily, but when rning came they were awake and tchful. No need for talking now. ery possibility of escape had been cussed and rejected. The rain had ased during the night. Soon the mpound was a scene of activity. Fires re relighted, the bandits busy cook- breakfast, grooming horses, or wandering out on aimless errands.

The sun was two hours high when the door the main house of the inn opened and three tives stepped into the yard. Two were ards, the other was stripped to the waist, hands bound behind him. He stumbled ng, pushed by the guards, half way across e yard, then halted at a sharp command. stood as if dazed, not lifting his head.

Another procession emerged from the door. re guards, a coolie carrying a chair, then a l, massive native, dressed in the silk robes a mandarin, followed into the compound.

"Wu Sung Ting," hoarsely whispered Ah i.

HE bandit chief walked slowly, haughtily, as an actor crossing the stage. A few yards m the prisoner the coolie placed the chair d the giant seated himself ponderously, fold- his hands within his sleeves, and for a ment stared at the prisoner. His glance d not stray toward the room in which the ree engineers sat. The bandit's huge frame, movements slow but positive, gave the im- ession of great strength, but it was the set, ld cruelty of his face by which his character uld best be read.

The bandit made a motion and a servant nded him a silver water pipe, lighting the bacco in the bowl. Three times he inhaled, wing the smoke through his nostrils, then nded the pipe over his shoulder to the wait- attendant. Again muffling his hands, he dded to the guards.

Seizing the prisoner by the arms, the guard ced him to his knees. A soldier stepped for- rd holding a long two-handed sword be- re him as if in salute. The other soldiers me crowding around, craning their necks d grinning, like coolies at a cock fight.

Fascinated, the three white men watched. ey saw the great sword flash up, poise for an instant, then fall like a gleam of lightning.

For the first time the giant in the chair looked toward them. There was a suggestion of an ironic smile on his thin lips. Every native in the yard turned his head and gazed toward the white men. Their eyes were glowing in anticipation of the kill, the eyes of wolves poised and ready to leap into action at the command of the leader of the pack. For a full minute there was stillness. Although not a man moved in his steps, the bandits seemed to press nearer, to hover menacingly like the creatures of a nightmare.

Wu Sung Ting broke the spell. Rising majestically, he turned his back and entered the house. The soldiers drifted away to other parts of the compound, glancing back and laughing. The waiting victims felt that they had witnessed a rehearsal of their own fate.

"Him boy work along foreign man," whimpered Ah Lai, his face twitching in terror.

"Listen," Landon whispered tensely. "If we have to die I'm not going to take mine like a pig in a butcher pen. I'm going out fighting."

"I'm with you there, old man," said Strowbridge, with his face bleak and stern. "Let's act together. Best wait until the last second. If they try to tie our hands or start the fireworks I'll give the signal. When I cough sail in."

"It is best," Gruard agreed. "We will attack together. To die fighting is not so bad."

Once more they were silent, waiting. It was torture to wait. Perhaps that was what Wu Sung Ting intended, but no effort was made to harm the prisoners.

HALF an hour had passed when again the guards marched into the compound. This time they walked directly to the room where the white men waited.

"Get ready," whispered Strowbridge.

"Together," answered Gruard, as they rose to their feet.

"He say Wu Sung Ting talkee you. More better go," Ah Lai interpreted.

Strowbridge nodded and stepped out, the others following close. They walked jauntily, with heads held high, going unafraid to what they believed was the last adventure. Surrounded by the guards they crossed the yard and entered the door of the inn.

The room was crowded. In the dim light they did not at first perceive the man who was to pass sentence upon them. Then as the guards fell back they saw him, sitting immobile behind a lacquered table, measuring them with his eyes.

As they stood in the middle of the room they glanced about, appraising their chances of escape. The only exit was blocked. It was hopeless. But it had been hopeless in the compound. As well die here as there. Landon and Gruard looked to Strowbridge. They were ready for the signal. The same thought was in the minds of the three. They would hurl themselves at that fiend behind the table, try to throttle him, pound that grin off his face before the inevitable fatal stroke came.

"What you doing in China?" the bandit began. He spoke in English, a suggestion of the fo'c'sle in his accent.

"We are engineers," Strowbridge answered calmly, no hint of nervousness in his voice. "We work to develop the mines, for the good of China's people."

"You lie," replied the bandit, with a hiss of bitter hate in the retort. "You ruin China. All foreigners damn thieves."

Strowbridge disdained to reply. A minute passed while the servant filled and lighted the water pipe. Slowly the bandit puffed, his eyes wandering snakelike from one to the other.

"I kill all damn Englishman, Frenchman. You English? French? Today you take the heavenly ride."

Wu Sung Ting spoke as a judge delivering a sentence. His eyes narrowed, his face distorted in a scowl.

"You can kill and be damned." Jerry Landon took a step nearer the table. "But I'll let you know I'm an American."

"No, you English," the bandit snarled.

"You're a slant eyed liar. I am an American." Jerry's face was white, but it was from anger. He confronted his captor defiantly.

FOR perhaps a minute Wu Sung Ting looked at him. His expression changed. Motioning to a servant, he gave a command. The man hurried into an adjoining room and returned with a small ebony box, setting it on the table. Leisurely Wu Sung Ting opened it. The box contained stacks of poker chips and several decks of playing cards.

"You play poker?" he queried, blandly.

The three looked at each other in bewilderment. What did it mean? The tension of the moment before had passed.

"Sure, we play poker. All good Americans play poker," Jerry replied.

"All right. Sit down. You play my game," the outlaw beckoned in invitation.

Three stools were brought and the white men seated themselves, puzzled at this odd exhibition of their tormentor.

With practiced hands Wu Sung Ting counted four stacks of chips. Each stack numbered twenty white chips, and on the bottom of each was one blue chip.

"You play my game," he repeated, placing a stack of chips before each man. "Very good game. These chips are the minutes of your life. You win my blue chip, all go free. I win

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

George M. Cohan

began his theatrical career by peddling songs in tank-town playhouses. Now, at the age of forty-six, he is the most successful producer in America. Mr. Cohan writes the remarkable story of his life, under the title,

Twenty Years on Broadway,

And the Years It Took to Get There,

which will begin in our next issue.

WATCH FOR IT ON THE NEWS STANDS!

"I'll bet my life I've got you beat."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

blue chip, that man dies. Good game. You three against one."

"And if we refuse to play?" demanded Strowbridge.

"Makee, the sword is waiting," calmly replied the bandit, shoving a deck of cards to the center of the table.

"Case of Hobson's choice," Strowbridge addressed his companions. "How do you chaps vote?"

"Let's play the game. It's a chance," Jerry answered. Gruard nodded in agreement.

"Cut the cards," Wu Sung Ting grunted.

They obeyed, lifting the cards as though they were weighted. The bandit won the deal.

Carefully he tucked back his long sleeves as if to assure them of fair play. His long, thin hands stretched out before him as he adroitly shuffled the deck. The eyes of the three were fixed intently on his hands, but there was no move to suggest suspicion.

Tossing one white chip to the center, he dealt slowly. Not one at the table touched a card until the five had been dealt and the dec dropped upon the table. Each examined hi hand, cautiously shielding the cards.

FOR the moment they had forgotten the fat which hung over them; forgotten the gun at their back. They were poker players, ab sorbed in their game, their nerves keyed t a vibrant tension, weighing every chance watching every move.

Strowbridge sat to the left of the dealer. A he skinned back the cards one by one he foun

the king, queen, jack, and ten of spades with a small card of an off suit. A possible top straight flush, a royal flush, a hand which comes once in a lifetime. By all the rules of poker, a hand well worth drawing to in any game.

"I'll stay," he said laconically, throwing in two white chips.

Gruard, the next to speak, handled his cards a little nervously, looking them over with exaggerated caution. Then he, too, threw in two chips.

Landon had given his cards one glance and held them face down on the table. When his turn came he slid seven chips to the center.

"Make it five more to play," he grinned. "These look good to me."

For a moment Wu Sung Ting sat motionless. He seemed to be dozing in his chair.

"Good," he finally grunted. "Cost you twenty to draw cards."

He shoved in all his remaining white chips. Folding his hands, his cards face down on the table before him, he waited, not lifting his head.

Strowbridge eyed him appraisingly a second. His hand was as good as it had been in the beginning. It was good poker and good logic to draw to that hand. Silently he pushed in his white chips.

Gruard fumbled with his chips, looking nervously around the table, then impulsively thrust in his stack of whites. Jerry did the same, still smiling.

Every white chip in the game was heaped in the center of the table. Before each player remained only a solitary blue chip, representing death or freedom.

"Cards?" queried the bandit.

With one hand he dealt the cards as they called. Each white man took one card—Wu Sung Ting did the same. They discarded, the bandit alone letting his hand lie untouched.

STROWBRIDGE looked at the card he had drawn. It was the king of clubs. His royal flush had failed to materialize. His hand showed only a pair of kings, of little value in the face of a one card draw.

The situation was ideal for a strong bluff, but—he only had the one blue chip, his life to bluff with. It was not good poker, nor common sense to take the risk. He could have one more chance on his own deal by waiting. He tossed in his hand and curtly announced:

"Didn't help. I'm out."

Gruard, balanced on the edge of his chair, looked at his cards, glanced nervously at the stolid Wu Sung Ting. He fumbled with his blue chip in indecision, then slammed his cards down as if they scorched his fingers.

All eyes lifted to Landon. A broad grin was on his face. His whole expression was confident. Without a second's hesitation he flipped his blue chip to the center. There was surety, triumph in his action.

"I'll bet my life I've got you beat," he taunted.

Seeing that look of absolute confidence, his comrades breathed deep in relief.

Wu Sung Ting was motionless for a brief moment. Then slowly lifting his head, he gazed meditatively at the young American. For long seconds their eyes locked. There was stillness in the room. Then, sliding his hand across the table, he dropped his blue chip beside Landon's.

"I call your life. What you got?" said the bandit leader.

The smile died on Landon's face. As if in great weariness he pulled himself up in his chair, and leaned his elbows on the table.

"Sorry, fellows. Tried to run a bluff and got caught out on a limb. I have only a pair of jacks," Landon declared as he spread his cards face up before him.

Strowbridge leaned forward intently and examined his hand. It was the king, queen, jack, and ten of diamonds and the jack of clubs.

"But I had the same. Look," Gruard almost screeched as he showed what he held. It was the king, queen, jack, and ten of hearts and the queen of clubs.

Strowbridge, without comment, turned his cards face up. The three saw, and dread realization came to them. Wu Sung Ting had mocked them. The cards had been stacked from the beginning. They held practically identical hands, only in different suits. The bandit was a wizard with the cards. With uncanny legerdemain he had been toying with them, enjoying their false hope. It was part of the torture, a diabolical idea of a joke.

The same thought flashed to each. It meant death, and again they waited the signal which would mean battle with no hope of victory.

WU SUNG TING sat with downcast eyes. He had not even glanced to the cards. Lightly he held his hand over the table as if about to rake in the chips. Then slowly, without looking up, he rapped three times on the table.

"That's good. You win," Wu Sung Ting muttered.

"What's that?" cried the startled Jerry almost at the top of his voice.

"You win," the bandit waved in surrender.

The engineers could not realize their reprieve, looking from one to the other as if suspecting another bit of grim humor.

Wu Sung Ting spoke a command to one of the soldiers. Leaving the room, he quickly returned with the white men's belts and pistols, depositing them on the table. Eagerly the three foreigners buckled on their guns and rose to their feet.

Through the door they glimpsed other soldiers leading up their ponies. Ah Lai was cinching on the saddles. Not until that instant did it strike home to them that life had been granted them. Wu Sung Ting would keep his word.

"Wu Sung Ting, you are a true sport," Jerry said impulsively. "But it was a fluke. I never played in better luck in my life."

"You go. Don't come back," the bandit said in a surly tone.

"But wait a minute, old timer," Jerry laughed. "That was a showdown. I have a right to see your hand. What did you have that was worse than a pair of jacks?"

With one finger Wu reached down and turned over his cards. Dumbfounded, they saw him uncover four aces.

"But—but I don't understand." Jerry eyed the cards in puzzled amazement. "You had the winning hand. You had me beat all the time, and knew it. How come? Why did you lay down?"

Ponderously Wu Sung Ting sat back and motioned for the water pipe. The ritual of the three puffs was completed.

"I tell you," he said, speaking in a low tone. "Long time ago I live in Hawaii. I work for old John Hart, American man. John Hart was good man. He good to me. When I got smallpox he take care of me.

"When I work on ships I see other American man. They good to me. I no kill Americans because old John Hart he good to me. English, French—yes, I kill 'em."

His eyes blazed wickedly at Strowbridge and Gruard. With solemn dignity he rose to his feet.

"I no play to win little game cards. I play to find out if you American. I find out all right. You win. You American. You win them, too."

Contemptuously he indicated the Englishman and Frenchman.

"But what made you sure that I was an American?" insisted Jerry.

"Because only a damn fool American bet his life on a bobtail flush," replied the bandit.

With majestic dignity Wu Sung Ting turned his back and strode from the room, never looking back.

THE END

The dismounted one hailed the other riders, who sat huddled in the rain.

It's HOW *You* WEAR 'EM

By BRENDA UELAND

"The regal effect," as Peggy Hopkins Joyce gets it with the aid of a sumptuous garment and a certain "something" in the way she wears it.
Schwarz Photo

ANY woman who is fastidious enough can dress well. It does not take money to be neat. It takes energy. I know a girl who works in a fashionable Fifth Avenue establishment for gowns, millinery, and the like. She receives a very small salary and so she has only one outfit. This consists of a dark silk dress, a hat, a veil, gloves, topcoat. And these have all lasted for two years and a half. But even so she looks as trim and genteel as any great lady. "Well-groomed" is the word which aptly fits her.

The secret became apparent when I dined at her home one night. Before allowing herself the relaxation of cooking dinner, this is what she did: Put her gloves on stretchers and cleaned them; rolled her veil on a stick and steamed it; removed the spots and the day's grime from her silk dress, pressed it and hung it up; cleaned her slippers and put them on trees; mended her single pair of silk stockings and washed them painstakingly. This shows that any person with a determined spirit can be well dressed on the most meager salary.

But how to wear clothes in such a way that people in the street turn and follow you with eyes full of wonder and admiration; and this even if you are not beautiful or built on elegant lines? This is another thing. A talent worth having.

IT is said that Gloria Swanson and Peggy Joyce are the leading American clothes wearers. I went to see them both in order to learn whether their talent for wearing clothes was due to care and thought or to instinct.

First I saw Peggy Hopkins Joyce. There are two things that contribute to her eminence as an effective clothes wearer. She has more than a million dollars' worth of jewels, and she has the kind of a figure which is very much the mode. In her figure, she carries on the Irene Castle tradition. She is tall and thin and lithe. She walks with her long white hands on her hips, pelvis forward, shoulders languid, in a slow, ambling fashion, putting her feet down in a finicky, graceful manner like some long-legged bird—the crane or the flamingo—her pointed toes turned out slightly and her knees having a faint tendency (perhaps) to knock, in an aristocratic, feminine, and elegant manner. She is very blonde, having gleaming yellow hair which is cut short and parted on one side, shingled behind and indented horizontally with smooth and shining waves over which the high lights slide dazzlingly.

No, a good figure is not the secret to wearing clothes, Peggy opined. The first requisite is to have nerve.

"THE trouble with most people is that they are afraid to be lamped," she explained. "I'm not. I like it. My Lord! I don't care if Fifth Avenue for six blocks stares at me. It makes me feel better than ever. Most people can't stand it. They sneak along in their little pepper and salt suits without any makeup on and hiding under a job lot hat. Just because

Peggy in another mood—the sportswoman strolling in Central Park, New York, with her police dog.
P. & A. Photo

Peggy Joyce and Gloria Swanson, two of America's leading exponents of the art of wearing fashionable clothes, describe the subtle "something" which enables some women to appear smartly dressed in even the simplest and least costly attire. "It isn't hard," they say.

Which has greater charm, the luxurious monkey-fur wrap, or the way Gloria the Superb sets it off?
P. & A. Photo

Just the right touch for afternoon, demonstrated by Gloria Swanson, past master of the chic in costuming.
Photo © Underwood & Underwood

they haven't the nerve to be conspicuous.

"Now, I do not mean you should try to be conspicuous by acting like a lunatic. But it stands to reason if you try to be a knock-out in your clothes and succeed, people are going to look at you. Isn't it true?"

From thence we came to the conclusion that the most dashing women are not the so-called swells, but actresses, manikins, dancers, and salesladies. These are the bright spots on the avenue. Rich and aristocratic ladies are too timorous, mousey, ladylike in their clothes.

"Nothing to make you turn in your tracks," said Peggy Joyce. "And too much conventional stuff. Lord! I wear pearls with a tennis dress if I think they'll give someone an æsthetic thrill. Why not?"

"As I think it over," she went on, "if you want to be a knock-out always dress as if you were about to step on the stage into a beautiful Ziegfeld set and before an enormous audience. That is, always have a picture of yourself in your head. Be dramatic. You see? No matter whether you are eating breakfast in bed or at the grandest ball in the world, dress the part.

"ANOTHER piece of advice I can think of is never take the advice of a he-man about your clothes, even if you are in love with him. I know that the greatest designers and milliners are men. But what I mean is: never let a simple, manly fellow tell you how he would like to have you dress. Or if he does, for the cat's sake don't act on it.

"I know a poor girl who married a millionaire, and worse than that, an aristocrat. She wanted to be worthy of him, so she let him tell her what to wear. Well, when that girl was in the chorus she was well worth looking at in spite of her ten dollar hat, her fiber hose, and her imitation jewelry. But the rich husband made her let her hair grow and wear it in a hard edifice. He wanted her to look tall and thin, as this was aristocratic. So he had her wear close-fitting tailored garments, those awful things that go in at the waist and then beetle out over the bust and hips. Well, when he got through the poor girl looked like a German woman buying a half a pound of head cheese in a delicatessen store. You see her husband did not know that in order to look thin you must have contrast in your silhouette, part of your clothes loose and flowing, and another part tight. Preserve me from hard-shell clothes! Strictly tailored, as they say. Ha!"

Peggy's reference to millionaires is more or less reminiscent of her own experiences. She has been married five times, her latest husband being Count Gosta Morner of Sweden, now in business in this country, whom she married in June of this year. Her previous husbands were Ernest Archer, Sherburne Hopkins, Philbrook Hopkins, and James Stanley Joyce. A divorce terminated each of her previous marriages and it is likely that her present affair will end in the same manner, as both Peggy and the Count have stated they will begin action to have their marital ties severed.

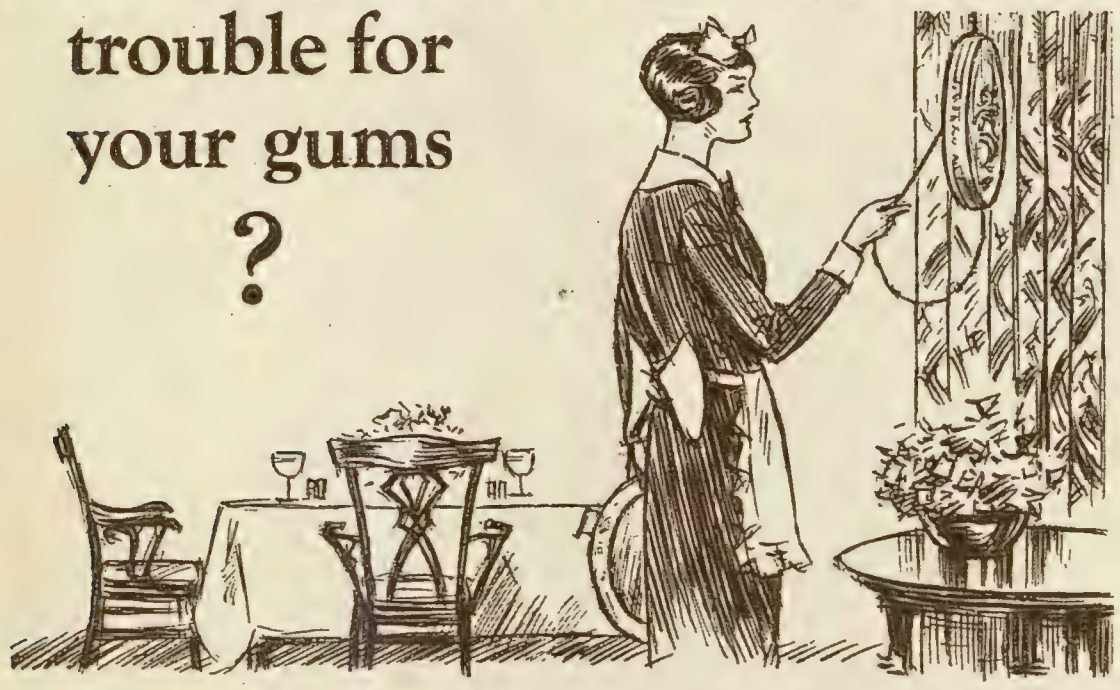
GLORIA SWANSON has the other kind of fashionable figure. She is short (five feet one), agile and sure-footed. One imagines, seeing her walk, that her legs are as straight as a plumb line. "Good footwork," as they say of boxers. And, in fact, she does remind you, so graceful and vigorous is she, of a very small athlete. In other words, "boyish," as the lovely girls at the corset counter say.

I told Gloria that Peggy Joyce and she were supposed to wear clothes better than any other women in the country. She said she was surprised to hear such a statement.

"I know I like clothes and it is pleasant to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Does your dinner-gong ring up trouble for your gums ?



THE CHANCES are that it does. For today the summons to a meal is in most cases a summons to eat soft food.

True—delicious food. But soft! For it's the smoothest pudding, the flakiest pastry, the creamiest sauce—in short, the most velvety concoction—that we esteem most highly.

All this is pleasing to our palates, but what about our teeth and gums! It robs them of work and stimulation. It deprives our gums of the healthy massage that keeps them firm and sound.

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Dentists now recognize that it is just as important to keep our gums hard and firm as it is to keep our teeth clean and white. That is why thousands of practitioners have adopted Ipana in their practice and prescribe it to their patients. Many have written us that a daily massage of the gums with Ipana, *after* the regular brushing, has proved a splendid aid in the treatment of stubborn cases of bleeding gums.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

have enough money to buy them," she said. "I cannot tell exactly how I pick out my dresses. I know that when I am shopping they will bring dresses in by the dozen, all of them leaving me cold. Then a girl will appear at the far end of the room with a dress on her arm. Click-click! I want it. I can't tell you why. So perhaps from that I can say, buy those clothes which please you. Don't try to please your neighbors or your husband. Then, if you have taste, you will be all right.

"But, thinking it over, it takes years of study to dress effectively. You must know your good points and your less good points. There are two kinds of figures in women, and most of us are more of one than the other. There is the peg-top woman. She has broad shoulders, short neck, narrow hips, slim legs. The other type is the woman with delicate feminine shoulders, a small and delicately modeled torso, with somewhat largish hips and legs.

"Well, I happen to be the first kind. Now, as luck will have it, my kind of shape is at present somewhat modish, at least in America. But Heaven knows for how long! Many, many famous beauties have the other kind of figure. You see it in beautiful red-haired women of Irish ancestry. And a generation ago or less, sloping shoulders, a long white neck, and a plump ankle were the berries.

"Well," she continued, "you must dress according to your type of figure. If you have a slim and shapely torso, you can be delightful in tight bodices and long, full skirts—Victorian stuff. If you have long, straight legs and wish to have it known, you can wear a tight skirt and a short, voluminous coat with a large muffling collar.

"THERE are an infinite number of ways that you can adapt your hair and clothes to yourself in order to be handsome. If you have a 'pie-face' and a small nose, you can wear your hair brushed forward on your cheeks. If your face is narrow and your nose prominent, your hair probably should be brushed away from your face, perhaps pulled off the ears. If you have a long, thin neck, you should wear your hair piled around it, à la Pola Negri (not that her neck is long), and perhaps a drooping hat and perhaps a demure little white collar.

"Few people have the discernment to know that the reason tailored suits look abominable on women is that the standard length of coat is about six inches too long, swelling gently over the hips. This makes the wearer look short legged, clumsy, and broad hipped.

"And corsets. If you have not the determination to get slim enough to leave these off—well, you can't be stylish. The hard corseted figure is gone. If you have the true eye for style, you will want to look soft, pliable. Fact is, a faint, faint suggestion of a stomach is quite chic.

"Another thing," said Gloria Swanson. "Change your type every now and then. And above all else, do your hair differently! Hair! That is the dead giveaway. That tells at what date a woman became tired of being modish. Most women fix their hair exactly as they did the year they came out, or the year they were married, or the year they graduated from college. For example: 1900, Gibson girl, high and overhanging pompadour; in 1904, hair parted in the middle, rolled tightly on either side, and held there (painfully) by side combs, long pug hanging down back of neck and perhaps embellished with a black taffeta ribbon; in 1908, figure eight pug on top of head, puff behind held up by barrette; in 1914, hair pulled tight off face and main body of it hidden in tight French roll behind, sideburns, perhaps, and spit curls; in 1917, Joan of Arc bob; in 1919, permanent wave bob (Irene Castle); in 1924, shingle (boyish cut), head and neck shave, straight hair or slow waves being the thing."

At the end of this interview, for the sake of the millions of perplexed women in this country, I inquired and succeeded in discovering just what sort of underwear one should wear and how much. You will be surprised to know silk underwear is inelegant, if not vulgar.

Gloria Swanson and Peggy Joyce each wear two garments (and two only) of French batiste, or handkerchief linen—so thin and fine that it can be drawn through a ring, as the fairy tale has it. One garment is a chemise; the other, bloomers. These are embellished with beautiful lace—Benge or rose point or Venetian point—and this lace is embroidered here and there with delicate point de Paris, roses, flowers, butterflies, and the like.

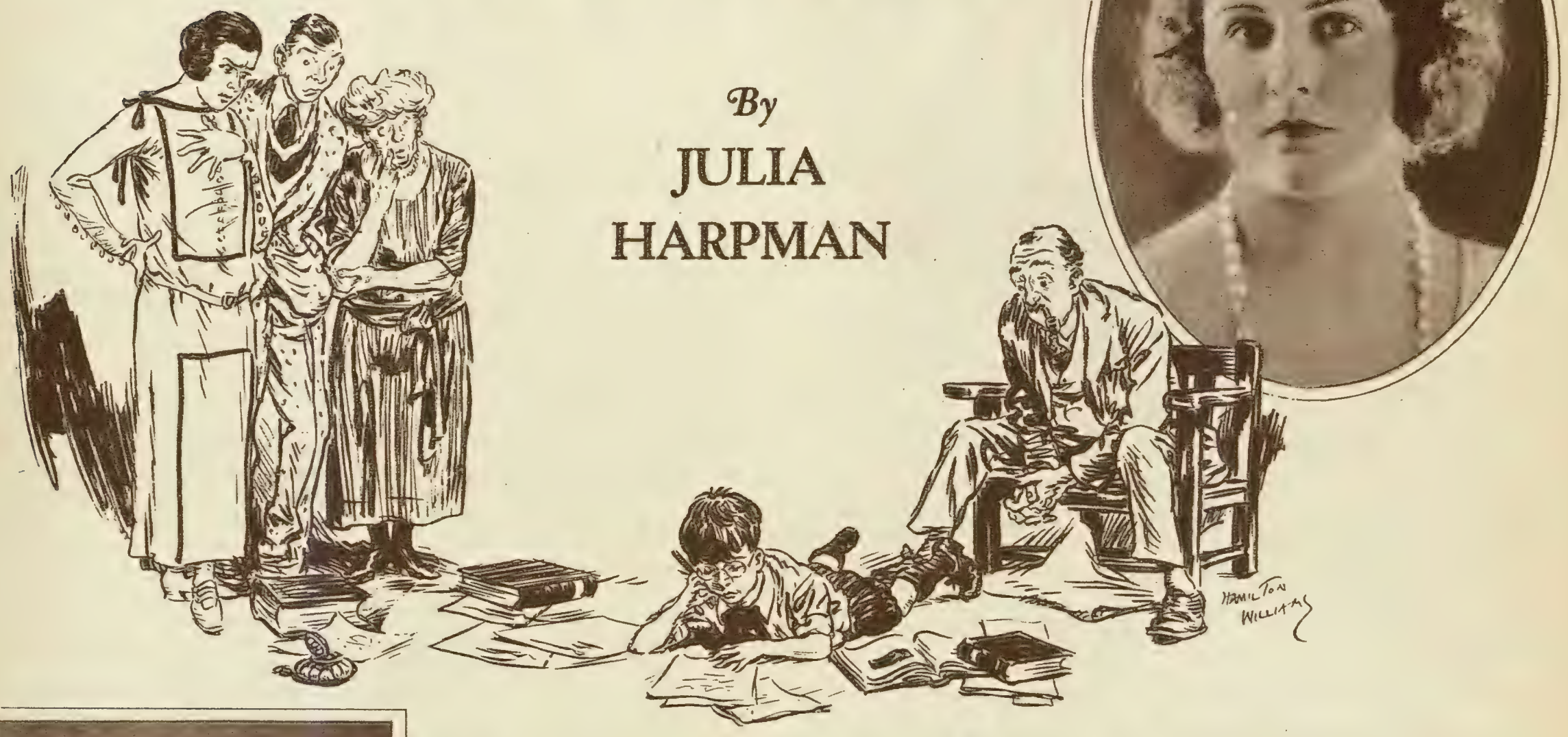
Corsets are proscribed. You *can* wear (and still get by with) a narrow brocaded belt about four inches wide, but without any bones in it, and garters depending therefrom. But it is better to go without and hold up your stockings with round elastics.

"I wish," said Gloria, "that some great inventive genius would design a garter to hold up ladies' stockings above the knee without cutting off the circulation. This would be a blessing for cold weather, and it would surely make a fortune for him."

I have thought about this at length. Holding them up by whalebone from the shoes is as far as I've got.

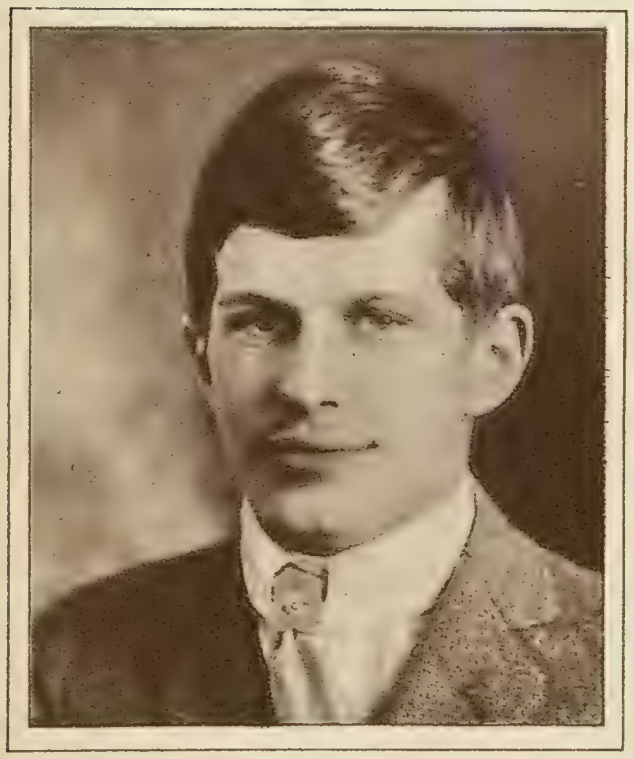
THE END

WHAT MAKES A PRODIGY?



By JULIA HARPMAN

When They Speak Greek at Six and Figure in the Fourth Dimension at Eleven, What Can They Do at Twenty? Here Is an Interesting Analysis of Three "Child Geniuses"



William J. Sidis, who discussed the fourth dimension at Harvard when but eleven years old.

Public attention has been focused on prodigies in general by the Loeb-Leopold case. In that instance the precocity of two young university students led them into a series of crimes that culminated in murder. But there are different kinds of prodigies. This article concerns prodigies who are notable chiefly for their brains.

NOW and again the world hears of some boy or girl of prodigious mind to whom major operations in higher mathematics are mere mental exercises. They amaze the world for a brief period, then drop out of the public mind and are seldom heard of again. Milton, Mozart, Darwin, and Anatole France are among the few with a high power record of accomplishment in their years of maturity.

Edward Roche Hardy, Jr.

Three astonishing prodigies of the present generation are William James Sidis, Edward Roche Hardy Jr., and Winifred Sackville Stoner II. The birth and intellectual gifts of young Sidis and Hardy present a curious parallel. Their ambitions and development are strangely contrasting.

In spite of a not uncommon theory that brilliant parents have children of mediocre intelligence, the cases of Sidis and Hardy support the belief that "like makes like" in so far as prodigies, at least, may be concerned. Both Sidis and Hardy were born of unusually brilliant fathers—men of high station among intellectualists.

Both fathers, curiously, were called to the same profession. Dr. Boris Sidis, professor at Harvard, was an author of international repute and was one of the greatest students of psychology in this country. Professor Edward R. Hardy is at present an instructor at New York University.

Sidis at the age of eleven was the youngest student to matriculate in the history of Harvard University. Hardy, when twelve, entered Columbia University, the youngest student to be admitted to an American college since Sidis' matriculation at Harvard in 1909.

At the age of six months Sidis could recite the alphabet; at two he could read and write. Young Hardy began his school career at the age of three. This year he received his master's degree at Columbia before he reached his sixteenth birthday, having received the degree of bachelor of arts last year.

Sidis astounded Harvard professors by discussing the fourth dimension when he was eleven; at fifteen he discoursed upon "Non-Euclidian Geometry."

Hardy is a tall, overgrown, fat, and apple cheeked boy. He has dreamy, dark eyes, widely set apart. He is modest and shy and has a manner of bowing from the waist with Chesterfieldian courtesy. He has missed some of the fun that most boys his age indulge in, but he thinks the advantages of higher education more than compensate for the loss of juvenile

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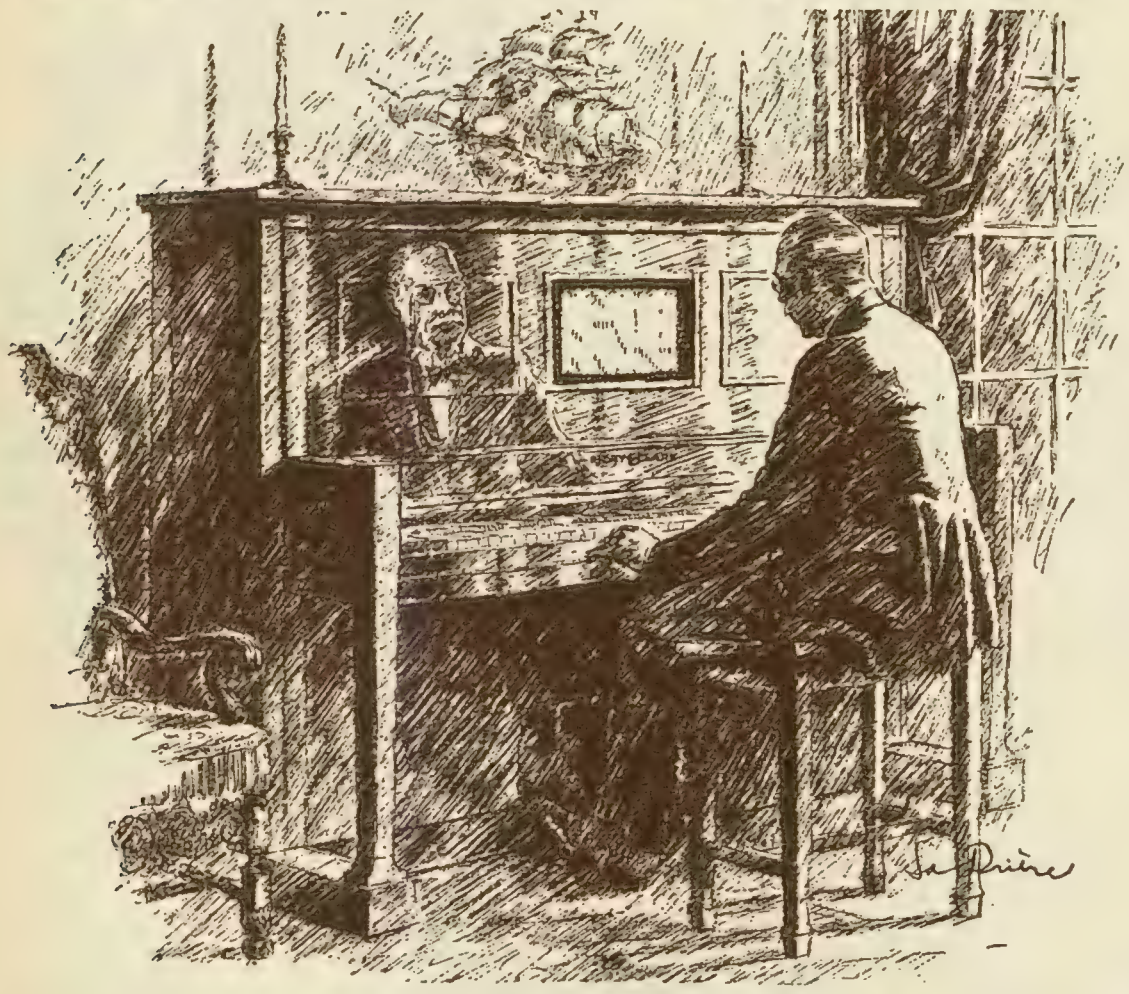

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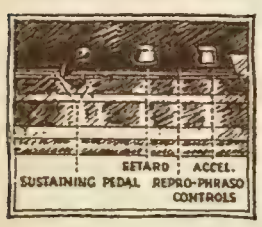

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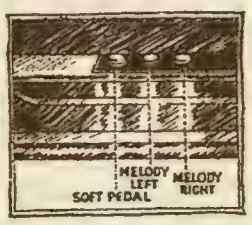

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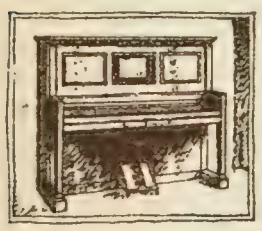

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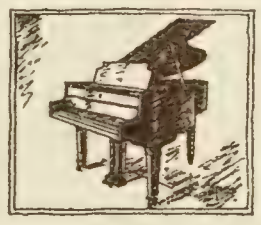

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pleasures. Incidentally, he has a sense of humor.

William Sidis, a wide shouldered and slim waisted man of twenty-six, is a recluse, hating the world with an intense detestation, all except one friend, a woman, whose interest in him is maternal.

Sidis' mind is not worn out. He knows every street in New York City, its exact length and breadth. He can quote history and science by the page. He has treasured up a vast storehouse of facts. But he is an intellectual miser.

WHEN he arrived in New York recently, Sidis sought work which would not necessitate any thinking. He is now a clerk, earning twenty-three dollars a week, and the fingers which at the age of nine wrote his first application for admittance to Harvard now mechanically manipulate the keys of an adding machine.

At night he translates pamphlets and circulars for radical groups, being an extreme left wing communist.

He is a glum and morose misogamist, having sworn celibacy at the age of fourteen and having had a medal struck off to commemorate his vow. He lives a life of monkish reclusion in a dark old house down on Fourteenth Street, New York City, which is permeated by a chill quite like that of a monastery.

I called upon him at his home and in response to a message he came slowly down the carpeted stair. Half way, he hesitated, stared at me suspiciously. There was no greeting—not even the slight nod one would expect from the most distant person.

Sidis has none of the natural, impulsive gestures of perfunctory cordiality. He seemed gruesome and austere. He half closed his eyes, threw back his touseled head, and squinted at me. His hands were in the pockets of his trousers. His brown sackcoat was buttoned so tightly about him that it bulged.

There was no humor in his face. Sometimes he parted his heavy lips in a half leer—the travesty of a smile.

"You won't get anything out of me," he repeated over and over. He shrugged his broad shoulders with a slow, heavy gesture. "I won't say anything. If you find out anything about me it will be from somebody else." All the time he held his arms tightly to his sides; his hands in his trousers pockets.

"I just want to be let alone," he added, nodding his shaggy head. "You can't get anything out of me."

Sidis never goes to the theater. He is not interested in athletics, flappers, nor "what the young man is wearing." His only friend is Martha Foley, a writer.

When Sidis was notified of his father's death last October it is said, and he does not deny it, that he berated his informant for telephoning to him about a matter which did not interest him. He did not attend the funeral. He has cut himself away from his entire family, except a sister who visits him on infrequent occasions. He has refused to accept his allowance from his father's estate.

Out of his twenty-three dollars a week Sidis manages to save something. He has a bank account. If he has a human vice no one has discovered it.

His avowed bolshevism caused his arrest in Boston when he was twenty-one, shortly after he had terminated a period of service as instructor in mathematics at Rice Institute, at Houston, Texas. Sidis was arrested for taking part in a May Day riot and was sentenced to serve eighteen months in the House of Correction, in Boston.

Sidis at the age of sixteen was graduated from Harvard, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts "*cum laude*"—the youngest person ever graduated from that institution with such honors, but he never learned to throw a baseball; he didn't know a touchback from a quarter back and he never shoved his knuckles inside a boxing glove.

And across the street from the dwelling where Sidis lives in a little room up under the eaves, identified by an electric sign that can be seen from his window, there is a billiard room representing an investment of several thousand dollars. The sign reads: "Frankie Genaro, Billiards."

Frankie Genaro exposed himself to no more education than was good for him when he was a boy in one of the Italian neighborhoods of New York and he knows no more about geometry than William Sidis knows about the science of boxing. It is an even break—Sidis, being an expert in his line, and Genaro, one time the American flyweight champion, is one of the best boxers at his weight in this country.

SIDIS, as related, earns only twenty-three dollars a week and Genaro probably has picked up nearly one hundred thousand dollars as a fighter, and has bright prospects of making much more in the next few years.

Of course, in the handling of all this money, Genaro may encounter problems in mathematics which he cannot solve with his knuckles, but he is in a position to hire an intellectual giant to do these things for him, perhaps for as little as twenty-three a week.

And yet, prodigious intellect in youth is not, of necessity, a fearsome thing. Young Hardy is a devout church member and hopes to become a missionary in the foreign field.

"Ever since I was five years old my ambition has been to become a missionary," Young Hardy said. "My aim was to go to the Near

East. But I have changed my mind and now intend going to South America as a missionary. I have always been very religious. Having chosen my life work so long ago, I have had the advantage of selecting the studies and acquaintances which would be of greatest benefit to me.

"My sixteenth birthday is on June 17," Edward continued. "It fell very nicely, as commencement this year was on June 4. You see, I selected a very satisfactory birthday, one that is after commencement and just half-way between Christmases. Then, too, I arranged one hundred and thirty-three years before my birth that June 17 should be celebrated as Bunker Hill Day. In some states, on that day, all flags are flying in my honor, you understand, not because of that battle."

EDWARD admitted that he was a bit fickle in his tastes. Some days, he said, a certain author is his avowed favorite; other days he is a slavish admirer of another writer, far different in mood and style. In the Hardy library Grimm's Fairy Tales stands not far from Pope's Essay On Man.

Young Hardy's diversions are swimming, chess, and sometimes a visit to the opera or the theater.

"And I expect to play golf. I really intend to; I have the golf sticks and knickerbockers," said he. "Dance? Well, I'd say I know how to dance rather than 'I do dance.' Swimming is my favorite sport."

Edward asked to be excused from discussing girls, though he admitted he had no radical thoughts on the subject.

"I think I'm still too young to have any definite thoughts about marriage," he said.

Hardy was confirmed in the Protestant Episcopal Church at seven. He teaches a Sunday school class and expects to be ordained a deacon at twenty-one. The Episcopal Church does not permit ordination before that age.

Edward entered Horace Mann School at the age of three and at five took a course on school gardens at New York University.

"Some people go out of their way to tell me that I will study so hard that my health will be affected," he said, with a shade of contempt in his mild voice. "I usually answer, 'Yes, I do look anæmic, don't I?'" And his extraordinarily large hand waved toward his wide, fat mid-section.

"Others tell me that so much reading will injure my eyes, but I never have any trouble of that sort. I sleep an average of eight and three-quarters hours a night. I am never ill and I enjoy my studies. I have studied twelve languages: English, German, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Latin, Greek, Arabic, Hebrew, Gaelic, and Chinese."

He counted them off one by one on his pudgy fingers.

"I've also had one lesson in Russian. That was simply to aid me in translating some phrases which appeared in a book I was reading. I know only a few Russian words—I do not include that language in the list of my studies."

Young Hardy was made a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity, Columbia Chapter, when he was fourteen. He was the youngest person ever admitted to that fraternity in which the highest scholarship is a necessary requisite.

Edward is the only child. He is the close companion of his parents, with whom he has traveled abroad during the last two summers.

"We go abroad every year," he said. "That is, we've gone the last two years and expect to go this year. That makes 'every year,' don't you think?."

Edward is smart enough to say he doesn't know many things. He has not determined whether he agrees with Darwin's belief that "education and environment produce only a small effect on the mind of anyone, and that most of our qualities are innate."

"I have not studied metaphysics enough to have arrived at any decision on that subject," he said. "Anyway, if I should make an answer to that question, some doctor or professor would be sure to say, 'What a fool that boy is!'"

Summing it all up, Edward declared that being a prodigy was not as difficult as one might suppose.

The third prodigy—Winifred Sackville Stoner II.—is quite as great an intellectual genius as either Sidis or Hardy, but her development was different from either.

Winifred is the only child of Mrs. Winifred Sackville Stoner, daughter of Lord Sackville, former British Ambassador to the United States, and Dr. James B. Stoner, formerly of the United States Marine Corps. She is the product of what her parents call "natural education." Her remarkable store of knowledge is the result of a system of education evolved by her mother, who is a noted educator and author.

WHEN Winifred was two weeks old her mother tied a ball to a string and taught the infant to kick it. When she was two months old Mrs. Stoner propped her up among her pillows and rolled a ball to her while quoting Virgil.

"I always answered fully any question Winifred asked and I never talked baby talk to her," said Mrs. Stoner.

At the age of three Winifred could use a typewriter. A year later she received a diploma for efficiency in Esperanto. She could converse in five languages when she was five and she has never forgotten anything she learned. She is proficient in the art of the piano, violin, and guitar. She is an excellent swimmer and horsewoman. She loves to dance. She has lived in Spain and France. She converses in French, Spanish, Polish, Russian, and Japanese. At twelve she passed college entrance examinations for the University of Wisconsin. Yet she never spent a day in school in her life. She was educated entirely by her mother and private tutors.

When she was nineteen she married Charles Philippe de Bruchè of Paris, a member of an old French family. De Bruchè was a linguist and traveler and wrote for foreign magazines and papers. Seven days before their first wedding anniversary De Bruchè was killed in an automobile accident.

Mrs. de Bruchè, who is now twenty-one, lives with her parents in New York City. She has written a number of magazine articles and scenarios.

"Winifred is not really a prodigy," said her father. "She is a normal, splendid young woman. Prodigies are not normal because, in most cases, one talent is developed beyond all others. Winifred has been educated properly and her education began in the cradle. The same results might be obtained with any other normal child who received the same attention."

THE END

BRIGHT SAYINGS of CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

Very Considerate!

I had just been home from the hospital a few days and was still in bed.

My sister had brought me some candy. I had given my little nephew some and he had gone away. In a few minutes he returned. After sitting there awhile he said: "Say, Aunt Goldye, how many pieces of candy have you left?"

I said: "O, I don't know—why?"

"Well," he answered, "I was just going to say if you only had one piece I wouldn't take any."—R. W. L., Chicago.

* * *

Time to Go

Mother had told Bobby that he must not call on the neighbors next door until they were really settled and we had found out what kind of people they were. Bobby watched the house closely and on the morning of the second day after they had moved in he came running in and announced: "I'se going over. Those peoples are all right, they keep childers and I smell 'em baking cookies. Good-by."—D. L., Boone, Ia.

A Full Stomach

Six-year-old Jimmie had taken a great fancy to the chocolate cake which Carlisle's mamma had made for his birthday party. He had helped himself generously. Carlisle's mamma, unaware that Jimmie had already eaten several sizable pieces, approached him, invitingly, and said: "Won't you have a nice big piece of chocolate cake, Jimmie?"

"No, thank you," politely answered the champion cake-eater.

Carlisle's mamma, mistaking his answer for well-mannered reserve, pressed him to help himself generously, when he finally reached forth for a piece, saying:

"Well, I'll chew it, but I can't swallow it."—N. D. S., Detroit, Mich.

"Myself Said 'Yes'"

I asked my little nephew if he would like to go down to my office and help me out, and he said: "Wait, uncle, I'll go ask mother." On his return I asked: "Well, what did mother say?" "O," he said, "mother was busy so I asked myself, and myself said 'yes.'"—H. L., Chicago.

* * *

Makin' Her Feet Go

Dorothy accompanied a group of older children on a hike to the woods for violets. She returned home elated with her spring flowers. The long walk was almost too much for her and she remarked: "Well, I got tired but I kept on makin' my feet go."—E. U. G., Boone, Ia.

He Took No Chances!

We live on a farm and have chickens. My little brother was fond of one special rooster and made a pet of him. On one occasion we had guests for dinner, the minister being the guest of honor, and mother made a potpie out of Jack's rooster. I'll pass over the scene that followed; it's too heartrending to talk about, but a few days later the minister called again.

Hearing a commotion in the backyard I went out there to find Jack shooing all the chickens out of the barnyard into the wooded pasture nearby, saying: "Hurry up and get out of sight; the man who ate your daddy is here again."—L. R. K., Burdick, Ind.

* * *

"I'se Coming, Telephone, I'se Coming"

One day Alfred was in the basement with the laundress. The telephone started ringing, and, his mother not being home, he started up the stairs to answer it, calling: "Wait a minute, telephone, I'se a-coming."—Mrs. W. J. S., Forest Park, Ill.

$1,000 FOR TONGUE TWISTERS—SEE PAGE 52

ALMA BENNETT, whose likeness appears above, has roved freely about the studios of Hollywood. The cameras of Goldwyn and Lasky have portrayed her in several features, and now Mr. Fox announces that she will play the lead in the *Cyclone Rider*. Miss Bennett was born in Seattle, educated in San Francisco, weighs 118 pounds, and has brown eyes and dark hair.

Not Yet—
Not Yet!

WHEN Rex Ingram and Valentino parted company after filming The Four Horsemen, the director is credited with assuring the future Sheik that he could pick an extra man on any lot and make of him a star, beside whom Rudolph would look like a second Ben Turpin. Ingram picked Ramon Novarro, but Valentino is still—Valentino!

A MOVIE REVIEW

The RED LILY

By ALVA TAYLOR

TWO pictures, both with French settings, have recently been presented to the movie public. The Red Lily, adapted by Metro-Goldwyn from the tale by Anatole France, is a story of modern France. Love and Glory is placed in the France of 1869 and 1870. We consider the first mentioned picture one of the best that we have seen in a span of many months.

Which is what we expect when a picture is directed by Niblo, and has as star, Ramon Novarro, assisted by that master of the screen, Wallace Beery. Honors are also extended to the photographer, Victor Milner, who has done some fine work in this film, and to Enid Bennett, who rather surprised us by coming out of what we had always considered somewhat of a colorless personality, and displaying some creditable histrionic ability.

First, as the innocent and pure country girl, then forced by circumstances to lower herself step by step to the life of a Paris woman of the streets, she is entirely satisfactory.

The Red Lily in awkward or inexperienced hands could have been a terrible picture. It could have been cheap, stupid and unpleasant. But from the able hands or megaphone of Mr. Niblo, it has emerged absorbing and gripping.

Jean (Ramon Novarro) invites Marise (Enid Bennett) to escape through the sewer with him, in an exciting scene in The Red Lily.

Were one to see the story of The Red Lily in print, one would possibly at the end toss it aside, with a half dozen or so ho-hums, and remark to one's self, or to whoever might care to listen, that here was just another one of those French underworld tales, dealing mostly with French dives in which the innocent country girl is forced to live a tough life just because fate played mean little tricks. When the hero was looking for her and she was looking for him, she went around one corner as he went around another. She was lost in the big city with nary a sou, and too much beauty, while the young man, believing himself hounded by the police, was forced into a life not sponsored or encouraged by the law.

But this yarn, slightly tinged with the green of mold, is so well executed on the screen that one forgives its senility. Mr. Niblo is so excellent a director, and Ramon Novarro so fine an actor that we are carried along by the picture, thrilled by scenes such as the escape and pursuit through the sewers of Paris, so fascinated by Wallace Beery who, no matter what he does, does it well, that we don't mind the many gaps of time that are bridged by subtitles.

The more we see of Ramon Novarro, the more we know that he has brought to the screen one of the best talents that has so far been offered to the art of the cinema, not to mention an extraordinary share of manly beauty.

* * *

For Love and Glory, the other French picture, directed by Rupert Julian and offered by Universal, we have little enthusiasm. We failed to become startlingly interested. We could get no thrill out of such scenes as the battle skirmish between the French soldiers of 1870, and the long robed Algerians.

The portion of the film dealing with the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 was all very well, but had absolutely nothing to do with the rest of the picture, except that Madge Bellamy was in it. In fact, the film seemed to be a group of portions, which no one could skillfully weave into a whole.

Madge Bellamy, as Gabrielle Picard, is sweet and pretty to look at, and not a bad little actress, and Charles de Roche, playing the part of Pierre, is interestingly different, and well equipped with an actor's skill.

But when in the second part of the film we are suddenly shifted ahead a number of decades, to judge from the make-up of palsied old age with which Madge Bellamy is disguised, and are supposed to be moved by the doleful and heroic tale of how Pierre, and Anatole Picard, at a good old age, started to march one hundred miles to Paris, when they might just as well have taken the train, so that Anatole could receive a medal for having blown on the bugle the French advance instead of the retreat as he was ordered to do, how he died on the way, how Pierre finished the trip alone, received the decoration in Anatole's name, so that the dead man might be honored, and how he found there his sweetheart, Gabrielle, whom he had lost, then we failed to respond to the appeal to the emotions that was being made.

There were some photography and some scenes in the earlier half of the picture which were interesting and worth while. There was also Ford Sterling, of slapstick past, playing the part of the mayor, and unable to forget the days when he threw custard pies and received the like unto himself.

However, there may be some of you who like this kind of picture. Once it gets under way it is not bad for its type. It is possible that those members of the audience more advanced in years can squeeze a tear or so in appreciation of the separated lovers who wait for each other so long that when they do meet, Madame, or Mademoiselle, as she begs to remind the gentleman who calls her Madame, is hardly able to totter to her sweetheart's side. For some reason the lady aged far more rapidly than the man. But then, he had an early training in a village smithy, which seemed to be an aid to youth preserving.

THE END

NEXT WEEK: Her Marriage Vow,
with Monte Blue and Beverly Bayne

They All FIGHT Sometime

By WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

A Bootlegger, a Chorus Girl, and a Midnight Battle with the Police Serve the Ends of Romance in This Short Story of New York

Pictures by
R. F. JAMES

The blonde opened the heavy front door with her latch key.

"NEW YORK!" Bob Douglas exclaimed ecstatically as he stepped from a cab in front of a Times Square hotel and looked about him at the familiar scene. "Hot dog!"

He walked into the lobby followed by two porters bearing his hand baggage. As he passed through the door a hard swung fist poked him in the ribs. He whirled about angrily, and then, with a whoop of delight, grabbed the grinning young man who had struck him and swung him about in a brief joyous dance.

"Eddie Durnell!" he cried. "Shoot me, kid! I'll never again be as happy as I am this minute."

"Long time since I saw you," said Eddie. "Been away?"

"Away!" Bob exclaimed, in tones of mock tragedy. "A whole year in South America starting agencies for the Carmel Car people. Landed back this afternoon and got through the customs just a while ago. Am I glad to be back? Ask me. I dare you."

"You're probably as happy to be back as I am to be getting away," said Eddie. "Six months in Europe for me. Sailing in the morning."

"Do you have to go?" Bob asked.

"Nope," replied Eddie. "Pleasure trip. I did twelve covers in color this year, a bunch of illustrations, and some commercial work. The result is I've got more money than any artist is entitled to have all at once, so I'm going to Europe and stay there until I'm decently poor once more."

"Sap!" Bob commented. "Stick around until I register."

"Wait a minute," said Eddie. "Going to be in town all summer?"

"Try and get me away!" said Bob eloquently.

"Then lend me your ear," whispered Eddie. "I've got something I want to put in it."

Ten minutes later Bob was in another cab, accompanied by Eddie and surrounded by his baggage, on his way to his friend's studio, which he had sublet for the summer, sight unseen.

"Boy!" Bob exclaimed in delight, as the taxi sped away. "A real cozy little place of my own after a whole year of those spigotty hotels! And a kitchenette, you say?"

"Big enough for any cooking you're liable to do," said Durnell. "And plenty of hot water at all hours."

"Hot dog!" said Bob. "A piece of luck like

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this deserves wetting down. How about a little party tonight?"

"I wouldn't spoil it by staying away," said Eddie. "I know a place uptown where they serve a bang-up dinner and anything that'll run out of a bottle."

THE next morning Bob awoke reluctantly to the touch of Durnell's hand on his shoulder. Eddie was dressed and ready to leave.

"Coming down to the boat to see me off?" he asked mockingly.

"No," answered Bob, squirming uneasily under the covers. "O-oh! My head!"

A moment later he was snoring. As though in exaggerated and distorted echo, a girl in the studio below struck a chord on the piano and began to sing. Bob stirred, muttered, and opened eyes that were eloquently expressive of pain.

"Who's that?" he asked petulantly.

"Your downstairs neighbor," said Eddie cheerfully, getting into his overcoat. "Sings in the cabaret at The Persian Palace nights. Wants to do grand opera. Nice kid. You ought to get acquainted. Her name's Helen Coleman, if that'll help you any."

Bob sat up in bed as though he had been stung on the back of the neck by a bumblebee.

"Helen Coleman!" he exclaimed. "Tall girl with dark brown hair? From Manitich, Michigan?"

"She' tall and dark," responded Eddie. "I don't know if she's from Manitich. If she is the boys in that town sure let a good looker get away. Know her, do you?"

"Know her!" Bob groaned, holding his aching head in his hands. "She lived next door to me out in Manitich, my old home town."

"Well, well!" said Eddie. He struck a pose. "Romance in Greenwich Village studio building," he recited grandiloquently. "Childhood sweethearts reunited by chance in gay Bohemia."

"Sweethearts!" said Bob bitterly. "I hate her."

"She's easy on the eyes," said Eddie.

"She's a pest!" Bob retorted. "She's done nothing but get me into one mess after another since I wore short pants and she had a pigtail hanging down her back. We went stealing cherries once when we were kids and she fell out of a tree and yelled so loud that the farmer heard her and caught me, and my mother picked rock salt out from under my hide for an hour.

"When we were going to high school I got stuck to drive her home in a buggy from a barn dance one night. She hit the horse a lick with the whip when I wasn't looking and he ran away and upset us. She wasn't hurt, but I got a broken arm to bless her for.

"The summer before I graduated from college I got hooked again. Had to paddle her across Lake Hanatka so she could catch a train. She rocked the canoe and it upset. I saved her from drowning and got such a bad case of pneumonia that I was too weak to come out for football that fall and lost my last chance to make my letter! Sweethearts!"

"Doesn't sound romantic the way you tell it," Eddie admitted.

"A singer in a cabaret!" Bob sneered. "Fine life!"

"She's a good singer," Eddie maintained.

"Grand opera!" said Bob, sneering again. "Fat chance she's got!"

"My! My!" said Eddie chidingly. "What a cheer leader you turned out to be!"

"She'll get a fine freezing if she tries to be neighborly with me here," Bob said darkly. "One of the main reasons I left Manitich in the first place was the fact that she was always around wherever I went. If we didn't quarrel and spoil the party she'd get me into some fool mess that'd come close to costing me my life. Sweethearts!"

"If she made you leave Manitich you've got something to thank her for," Eddie said, picking up his handbags. "Good-by till next fall, little sunshine!"

"Good-by," said Bob grumpily. "Sweethearts! What a laugh!"

THAT afternoon Bob met Helen Coleman in the hall. Her face lighted up and she held out her hand.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "Bob Douglas! Of all people!"

Bob nodded ever so slightly, disregarded the outstretched hand, and marched stiffly by without speaking.

"That'll show her!" he exulted as he stepped out on the street.

The next morning they met in the hall again. Again he bowed coldly. She passed him without even a slight acknowledging movement of the head, no flicker of recognition showing in her face.

"All right," said Bob to himself, hot

Locked and wrestling with him he saw the uniformed officer approach and raise his club to strike.

with illogical anger. "That suits me."

Thereafter they met and passed daily as total strangers.

This warfare of silence went on for a week. Then one night near twelve o'clock she knocked at his door. He opened it and stood glowering on the threshold.

"What do you want?" he asked gruffly.

"Nothing for myself," she assured him with spirit. "There's a girl down in my place that needs help."

"What's the matter with her?" Bob asked.

"She's in trouble," said Helen. "Of course, if you're afraid, why——"

"Afraid?" said Bob. "Afraid of what?"

"Her husband," said Helen. "He's a bootlegger."

"What are you doing with a bootlegger's wife in your studio?" asked Bob.

"She's in the chorus at the cabaret where I sing," Helen explained.

"Yes?" said Bob with a sneer. "You've got nice friends, haven't you?"

"I'M sorry I called you," said Helen, turning away. "I might have known."

"Wait a minute," said Bob. "If the girl's in trouble I'll help, of course. What's the matter with her?"

"Her husband," replied Helen.

"Well, what does she want me to do? Study law and get her a divorce?"

"It's nothing to try to be funny about," Helen said. "She's afraid to go home."

"What's she done?"

"There you go!" Helen flared. "Without knowing anything about it, you assume she's done something."

"It's not my fault I don't know anything about it," said Bob. "What did she do?"

"Well—uh—she—told the police about her husband," Helen admitted, flushing.

"Nice little wife," said Bob. "What did she tell them?"

"About his—you know—bootlegging," answered Helen. "He's a young Italian and he's frightfully quick tempered. He's liable to murder her."

"He'd stand a good chance with a jury at that," said Bob. "What did she tell on him for?"

"She got mad at him."

"THAT'S a reason," said Bob. "And what am I to do? Take her home? And wait until this bootlegger husband of hers shows up and then explain to him in words of one syllable that in this country all nice husbands are supposed to be kind to dumb wives?"

"I don't think you're funny," retorted Helen.

"Probably he wouldn't, either," said Bob.

"She only wants to go home for a minute," explained Helen. "She's got to get some clothes and her money she left hidden in their room."

"Why don't she go in the daytime, when there's more chance of having witnesses if she gets shot?"

"Her husband usually works nights," said Helen. "He's not so liable to be home now."

"All right," said Bob grudgingly. "Just a minute till I get my hat."

"You understand I'm not asking you to do this for me?" said Helen.

"Remembering that will do a lot to help me get well if I fetch up with a knife in my ribs," Bob replied from the clothes closet as he took down his hat. "Produce your little chorus girl, bootlegger, Italian pal, and I'll take her home and see what happens."

"She's a nice little thing," said Helen as they started down the stairs. "So innocent looking."

"Good actress, huh?" asked Bob.

"You're horrid," said Helen.

"Maybe," said Bob. "I'm sure liable to be if this wop bootlegger catches me with his innocent looking little tattletale wife and happens to have a knife or a gun on him—or some of his gang along."

"I hope you won't get hurt," said Helen.

"That makes two of us pulling for an evening without an accident," said Bob. "I doubt if that's enough. I never had any luck yet in any mess that you got me into. Goodness knows you've got me into plenty of them."

"You make me so mad!" the girl exclaimed. turning on him. "Just for that I'll get my hat and coat and go with you."

"Don't do that," Bob begged in alarm.

"I will so! I won't have you saying afterward that I asked you to go some place I didn't want to go myself."

"You sound like a general talking to his troops," said Bob.

"You sound like an old fool," Helen retorted.

Helen threw open the studio door, strode angrily in with Bob at her heels, and curtly introduced him to the small, overdressed

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A vacuum cleaner that can take hills "in high"

BUILT to be bigger, to have a larger motor, to clean more completely, and to last a longer time, the Hamilton Beach Vacuum Sweeper is a real hill-climber. A mountain of cleaning work is as nothing to it. Sturdy, with the greater reserve power of its full one-sixth horsepower motor, it saves sweeping drudgery, saves time, and saves costly rugs and carpets from wear. Surprisingly enough, it costs no more than others, some not half as large, none so far as we know, with a motor as powerful.

Hamilton Beach
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Free We will gladly arrange to lend an advance 1925 model for a FREE Self-Demonstration. Write for it and folder which tells how Super-suction added to the Motor multiplies brush cleaning power.

To Dealers: Just a line on your letterhead will bring you a sample cleaner for examination. Also selling facts, figures, and an interesting selling plan.

HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., *Racine, Wis.*

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

blonde doll of a person who awaited her.

"This is Miss Desmond," Helen said.

"How do you do?" said Miss Desmond. "I'm glad to meet you."

Her tone and inflection reminded Bob of a small child reciting a piece for company.

"Desmond?" he repeated inquiringly.

"That's my stage name," the girl explained. "Daisy Desmond. Don't you kind of like it?"

"Very lovely," Bob agreed.

"I think so," the girl said. "Both names beginning with a D makes it sound nice. You see, Tony's name—he's my husband, you know—his name is Romanelli, and I couldn't use that, could I?"

"I suppose not," answered Bob.

"It makes him sore 'cause I don't," she confided. "He thinks I don't use it 'cause I'm ashamed of it, but it ain't that at all. It just don't sound good for the kind of stuff I do. If I was a grand opera singer I'd use it in a minute. It'd be a grand name for grand opera, don't you think so?"

"Splendid," Bob agreed.

She surveyed him critically, and then asked: "Have you got a gun?"

"Up in my trunk," said Bob. "Shall I get it?"

"No," she replied hastily. "I wouldn't want you to. I don't think you'll need one."

"Has your husband got a gun?" Bob asked.

"Maybe he won't have it on," she answered, evasively, hopeful. "Lots of times he don't carry it."

"That's nice," said Bob.

"He wouldn't shoot anybody unless he was mad—or had to," she assured him.

"How temperate!" said Bob.

"He wouldn't shoot a cop," she added in further recommendation.

"Wouldn't he?" said Bob in a tone of surprise. "Why not?"

"You get socked if you do," she explained. "He only carries a gun in case he has a run-in with hijackers. He ain't a bad fella only for his temper."

"Sounds fine," said Bob, "the way you tell it."

"I 'spose he can't help getting mad," she went on with a sigh of resignation. "Them Italians is that way. Hot blooded. I'll bet he'd kill me if he caught me now."

"Probably," said Bob.

Helen appeared from the inner room dressed for the street, and announced, "I'm ready."

"I'd feel luckier if you stayed home," Bob said bluntly.

"You don't have to go," she reminded him.

"I know there's no law about it," said Bob. "If you're bound to tag along, come ahead."

They took a taxi to the address in the middle West Sixties between Broadway and Tenth Avenue. The house before which they stopped was one of those four story brownstones common to the neighborhood.

"I don't see nobody," said the bootlegger's wife, peering fearfully up and down the street from the taxicab window.

"I suppose that counts one for our side," said Bob, alighting and helping out the girls.

They tiptoed up the brownstone steps. The blonde opened the heavy front door with her latchkey. The hallway was dark. Bob's heart skipped a beat as the big door clicked shut behind him.

"Sssh!" the bootlegger's wife hissed warningly.

Bob's heart skipped another beat. There was a short, painful interval of silence.

"I don't hear nobody," the bootlegger's wife whispered, at length.

"Two for us," said Bob, grimly. "Shall I strike a match?"

"No," answered the blonde. "I can find my way up. You take hold of my hand and I'll lead you."

They stumbled up three dark flights of stairs and along three dark halls. Arrived on the top floor, the blonde unlocked the door.

"Come in," she whispered, still cautiously, although they had made enough noise in their blundering progress upward through the dark to awaken a whole houseful of ordinarily sound sleepers.

Bob and Helen followed her in. She shut the door and switched on the light. Bob looked quickly about him. He was in a small room in which there was a bed, two chairs, a bureau, and a small square table. There was one door in addition to that through which they had entered. The blonde crossed fearfully to this second door and opened it, revealing a small closet in which hung some dresses.

"I guess he ain't here," she said.

"We're doing fine," answered Bob. "That's three for us."

The blonde crossed to the bureau, knelt down, reached her slender arm underneath, and from its sticking place on a wad of gum attached to the bottom of the lower drawer, far back, she detached and drew forth a number of folded bills encircled by a rubber band.

"He didn't find 'em," she cried gleefully, rising and displaying her recovered treasure.

"Is that so?" said a voice coming apparently from the middle of the ceiling. "Wise, ain't you?"

Bob looked up and saw above him a man's head and shoulders framed in a small, square trap that was evidently a way to the roof. The man was young and dark. He had the features of an Italian and he had a gun in his right hand.

"Tony!" the blonde exclaimed in fright, shrinking back against the bureau.

"Well!" muttered Bob softly

under his breath. "Plenty for the other side!"

The man leaning down through the trap door threatened Bob with the gun.

"Stick up your mitts, you!" he said. "You and that gal with you, too! Now, get over there in the corner by the closet and stand with your faces to the wall. Hear me? That's right. Stand there like that and keep your hands up. If you move I'll plug you."

With his face pressed against the wall Bob heard a heavy thud on the floor and knew that Tony had let himself through the trap feet first and dropped into the room.

"O, Tony!" he heard the blonde cry beseechingly. "Don't be mad with me, will you?"

"Gimme that money," said Tony. Then after a moment: "Who's this sap that come with you? Some strong arm that thinks he's a bad guy? Or a new John that you're stringing with?"

The blonde explained in rapid broken sentences.

"Just a sucker, huh?" Tony briefly summed up his interpretation of her words. "He'll win himself a wooden overcoat and a home in the ground if he keeps on butting in on stuff like this." Then menacingly, "You squealed on me, didn't you?"

"O, Tony!" the blonde wailed imploringly. "Tony!"

"Shut up," said Tony. "What'd you do it for? Getting tired of me, huh? Got another heavy you want to string with, is that it?"

"O, no, Tony," the girl insisted, sobbing. "That ain't it. Honest it ain't. You know I love you, Tony."

"That's what you say," Tony said.

"If I didn't love you, why would I get mad with you and tell the cops?" the blonde sobbed. "Would I get mad with you if I didn't love you? Would I? Why would I? It's only because I love you, Tony, and I got so mad with you."

"I ought to wipe you one in the teeth with the butt of this gat," said Tony grimly.

"Go ahead," said the blonde wildly. "Go on and do it, Tony. I got it coming to me, all right. Do anything you want, only don't think I don't love you. You won't think that, will you, Tony? Will you?"

"Shut up!" said Tony tensely. "Listen!"

In the hall below the front door bell could be faintly heard, ringing insistently.

"The cops!" said Tony grimly, listening at the door.

TONY straightened up and looked at his wife accusingly.

"Now look what you went and done," he chided her. "Honest, the way you act I don't know why I don't bump you off. You make me so mad!"

"I'm sorry, Tony," the girl cried tearfully. "I wouldn't have done it, only I was mad with you. Listen, Tony; do you still love me? Do you?"

From below came the sound of a door being opened and a faint confusion of voices.

"Hell!" said Tony disgustedly. "I got no time to listen to a lot of mush now."

He handed the gun to his wife.

"Keep them friends of yours covered until I do my stuff," he said gruffly.

He shoved the small table to the center of the room and lightly mounted it. Heavy steps on the lower stairs were audible.

"Do you still love me, Tony?" the girl asked pleadingly, automatically performing the dual task of watching him and keeping Bob and Helen covered with the gun. "Tell me, do you?"

"Shut up!" said Tony and sprang upward. He caught the edge of the trap with his fingers, pulled himself up and through and turning, peered down into the room again.

"Toss me the gat, kid," he ordered sharply.

"Aw, Tony, take me with you," she begged, her arms upstretched. "Aw, please do, will you? I can't stand it if you go away and leave me."

The heavy steps on the stairs were increasingly audible. Tony stared at her for a precious second, calculating. Suddenly he grinned, showing two rows of strong white teeth.

"All right," he said. "Up on the table with you. Wait till I get myself braced so I won't slip. Just a little jump now till I can catch your wrists. There!"

A grunt of effort followed. Bob took a chance and peeked sideways and up. He saw the girl's legs disappear through the trap. A moment later Tony's face appeared, looking down.

"Be a good fellow, pal," he said, wheedlingly. "Move that table back from under the hole here and stall them bulls for a minute or two, will you? Give us a chance!"

He disappeared, and a moment later the wooden cover of the trap was swung shut. Almost at the same instant came a loud knock on the door.

"Open up in there," said a gruff voice. "No funny business!"

"Just a minute," Bob called. "I'm coming."

He started toward the door, glanced at the table under the trap and then at Helen. She was chalk white and trembling, but she nodded an affirmative to the thought in his mind. He lifted the table and placed it against the wall.

"Open up in there or we'll bust in there," came the voice from the hall.

"All right," said Bob. "I'm coming. Give me a chance."

Bob threw open the door and a policeman in uniform and two men in plain clothes entered.

The uniformed officer seized Bob by the arm and looked at him closely.

"This ain't the guy," he said to the others. "I know Tony."

And then to Bob, shaking him the while, "Open up, bo. Where's Romanelli?"

One of the plain clothes men looked in the closet.

"You did, too," he contradicted her.

"Not in there," he reported.

He grabbed Helen by the arm. "Where's Romanelli, sister?" he said roughly. "Come through!"

"Ouch!" Helen cried out, wincing. "You're hurting my arm. Let go!"

Bob acted then somewhat after the manner of an exploding stick of dynamite. He wrenched loose with one mighty movement, sprang across the floor, and hit the face of the man who held Helen. The man reeled, crumpled to the floor, and lay quiet.

"I'll teach you!" Bob snarled, as he turned to face the two others. "You keep your hands off of this girl or I'll kill you."

He met first the onslaught of the second man in plain clothes.

Locked and wrestling with him, he saw the uniformed officer approach and raise his club to strike. He was powerless to evade the blow.

As the club began to descend he saw, over the heaving shoulders of his adversary, the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

They Have Found
a New Way to Clean Teeth
Careful people the world over now employ it

DENTAL science has discovered a new method of teeth cleaning. In millions of homes it has displaced the methods which were wrong.

The glistening teeth you see everywhere now show one of the results. This ten-day test will show you what they mean to you and yours. Send for it now, in justice to yourself.

Combat the film

Film is the great tooth-enemy—that viscous film you feel. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. So old methods failed.

This clinging film becomes discolored, then forms dingy coats. That is how teeth lose their beauty.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. The most careful people rarely escape these troubles caused by film.

New methods found

Dental science, years ago, started research to fight film. Eventually two ways were found. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Many careful tests have proved that these methods mean a new era in teeth cleaning. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply these factors daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Dentists the world over began to advise it. Now millions of careful people, of every race, employ these methods daily.

Errors corrected

It was found that old-time tooth pastes also brought unfortunate effects. They reduced the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids. They reduced the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth.

Pepsodent brings the opposite effects. It multiplies the alkalinity, multiplies the starch digestant. Thus it gives multiplied power to these great tooth-protecting agents.

You will be amazed when you see what better results the new method brings than the old. Let this test show them to you.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.
The New-Day Dentifrice

Ten days will show

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

Learn what this means in beauty and new safety.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

1591

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 281, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

slight form of Helen Coleman as she threw herself against the officer and grabbed his upraised fist with both hands. He saw the cop struggle with her for a moment and thrust her aside. Then again the upraised club, a shock, and oblivion.

Fortunately for Bob, one of the big men in his company stood right with the police powers that be in New York. A telephone call from the station house roused this properly connected person from his bed and set him to work applying his influence in such a manner that at eight o'clock the next morning Bob and Helen walked forth free of immediate restraint and the threat of further action in the matter as well. Aside from a patch on Bob's scalp where the cop's night stick had struck and Helen's reddened and tear swollen eyes, they bore no outward evidence of their night's adventure.

Bob hailed a cab, and in silence they rode home looking out of opposite windows. In silence they mounted the stairs until they reached the door of Helen's studio. She opened it, glanced affrightedly over her shoulder at Bob, and, darting suddenly through, tried to shut him out.

"Just a minute," he said gruffly, putting his foot in the door.

She released her hold on the knob and he stepped in and shut the door behind him. There was a puzzled expression in his eyes.

"Well!" he exclaimed finally. "Nice mess you got us into, wasn't it? You and your innocent looking little blonde friend!"

"Go away!" she said, beginning to cry again. "This is my place and you've got no business here. Get out!"

Bob stepped nearer and looked at her closely. She lowered her head, refusing to meet his eyes. He took her by the chin and raised her face none too gently. His knees were shaking a little.

"Say, look here," he said roughly. "What did you tear into that cop for when he started to hit me?"

"I didn't," she denied wildly, starting away from him.

"You did, too," he contradicted her, grabbing her around the waist and pulling her back.

SHE struggled so fiercely that he had to use both arms to hold her. He was trembling all over now. Without meaning to do any such thing he kissed her hard, full on the lips. The solid room whirled dizzily with him for a mad moment of intoxication. When sober consciousness returned it apprised him of the astounding fact that Helen Coleman was snuggled lovingly in his arms.

"Suffering Moses!" he exclaimed, panic stricken. "We're not in love with each other, are we?"

"I—I g-guess so," she admitted tremulously.

"We are!" he declared solemnly. "So help me, Hannah! We are. Why, say! You know what? We've been in love all the time. I bet that's why we fight so much."

"I guess so," Helen repeated, her eyes brimming.

"What do you know about that!" said Bob. "Gosh! I wonder if we'll go right on scrapping after we get married!"

"No," said Helen, snuggling close, contentedly. "We've got the best of most couples there. People that love each other have to fight sometime, and, you see, we've got all our quarreling done before we start."

THE END

WILSON WHISKERS :: :: *By H. F.*

WOODROW WILSON perhaps will not live in history as a humorist, but that he possessed a keen sense of waggery is shown by a story told by John Golden, well known theatrical producer. When Mr. Wilson was President, Golden presented a play in Washington, and, knowing that Mr. Wilson was an ardent devotee of the theater, invited him to witness the production.

Mr. Wilson had just defeated Charles Evans Hughes, and the effects of the strain of that strenuous campaign still lingered with the President.

In the cast was a character who wore whiskers not unlike the hirsute adornment of the defeated candidate.

Between acts Mr. Golden told President Wilson of a play he was rehearsing in New York and which was to be presented the following week. The President was interested and expressed regret that he would not be able to see the première.

"Come incognito and as my guest," suggested Mr. Golden. "I will fix it so no one will know you are in New York."

"I am afraid it is impossible," said Mr. Wilson. "I would love to witness the performance but cannot leave my work."

"I'll fix a disguise for you," urged Mr. Golden. "You can leave Washington in the afternoon and return on the midnight train. No one will recognize you. If you'll come I'll lend you these whiskers as a disguise."

The President gazed at the character on the stage, recognized the resemblance to the whiskers of his late opponent for the Presidency, and sighed.

"No," President Wilson said, regretfully. "After that campaign I do not feel as if I ever could look whiskers in the face again."

THE END

HOW HONEST ARE WE?

We Like to Think Americans Are Honest. So, One Day Liberty Set Out to Prove It. One Hundred Prominent Men Were Picked and to Each Was Sent a Dollar Bill in Such a Way That He'd Know It Didn't Belong to Him. Who Sent Them Back and Who Didn't? You'll Be Surprised!

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Decoration by GUERNSEY MOORE

THE inspiration was born in the club car of a westbound train just after it had passed Pittsburgh. The clergyman said to the dyspeptic sitting next to him.

"This wouldn't happen here in America. The average person in this country is much more honest."

"What's that?" demanded the dyspeptic.

"It says here," explained the clergyman extending his newspaper, "that *Le Soir*, a Paris newspaper, mailed five francs in stamps to one hundred selected Frenchmen. The letter was phrased in a manner warranted to give the recipient a healthy suspicion that it was not intended for him. A fictitious name was signed to the letter and there was nothing about it to show that the newspaper had anything to do with it."

"Well?"

"Well, only thirty-four of the one hundred returned the stamps. That, my friend, would not happen in this country. We are more honest than that or at least we are less unconcerned about conscience."

"Nonsense," growled the dyspeptic. "The average would be about the same. Morals are internationally the same."

Whereat the clergyman and the dyspeptic plunged into a rambling debate upon honesty and morals which, as usual, came to nothing.

Le Soir's experimental hundred included clergymen, academicians, diplomats, functionaries, professional men, tradesmen, and authors. Sixty-six per cent of those to whom letters were sent kept the stamps. The parliamentarians and men of letters proved the most honest as groups. One of the clergymen sent *Le Soir* his heartfelt thanks.

Liberty tried it!

ON May 26 this weekly sent to one hundred persons in the United States a letter in each of which a dollar bill was enclosed. The letter stated simply that the dollar has been sent "In adjustment of the error *complained of in our account.*" A fictitious name was used in sending out the letters.

Just thirty-eight persons replied.

Only twenty-seven of them returned the dollar.

Liberty selected the names at random from Who's Who and the telephone directory. Twenty-two states were represented by the list of men and women chosen. After blindly picking names, a review thereof divided them into nine occupational classes —scientists, journalists, physicians, educators, lawyers, clergymen, playwrights, artists, and business men.

The business men included all sorts of industrial and commercial pursuits, from the heads of great banking houses to small grocers. The scientists comprised naturalists, chemists, geographers, botanists, and so on, *not members of any teaching corps.* The journalists were editors and writers. The educators included teachers, lecturers, and college presidents. One of the three artists in the list is a renowned musician. Incidentally he returned the dollar.

By classifications here are the results:

	Dollars sent out.	Dollars returned.	Per cent.
Clergymen	9	6	.66
Journalists	7	3	.43
Artists	3	1	.33
Educators	12	4	.33
Business men..	37	10	.29
Physicians	9	2	.22
Lawyers	11	1	.09
Scientists	11	0	.00
Playwrights ...	1	0	.00
	100	27	

We are somewhat disappointed in the scientists and educators. We want to think kindly of them. You know, one must make allowances for the absent-mindedness of professors and those engaged in research work into scientific mazes. It is entirely possible that the preoccupied scientists, receiving the letter, merely scanned it abstractedly and tossed it away. But we have no way of knowing whether they tossed away the dollar, too.

OF the thirty-seven business men, four are garage owners and one of this quartet returned the dollar with a little lecture.

"I am returning this dollar which does not belong to me," he wrote. "God knows I need every dollar I can lay my hands on, but maybe the rightful owner of this one is up against it harder than I am."

To another letter written to a business man an answer came from the executors of his will. He was the only dead man on the list. The executors thanked the sender and assured him that the dollar would be properly distributed along with the rest of the estate.

Of course, the journalists and clergymen may regard each other with righteous pride, with the clergymen looking slightly more superior, as is their bounden right. The clergyman on the westbound train spoke from his own viewpoint and his error is excusable inasmuch as the good man generously granted all men the same degree of honesty as he and his fellows possess.

Apparently the letter and the dollar arrived in one clergyman's hands as he was working hard on his sermon. He became irritable. He sent back the dollar, saying that not only had he never done business with his correspondent but that he never would, and please not bother him any more. As it was, he wrote, he was out a two cent stamp and considerable patience.

However, everything was straightened out. A new, uncanceled stamp was sent to him along with profuse apologies.

THREE of the twelve educators returned the money. Two are college presidents and the other teaches romance languages. Of the nonremitting nine, two are economists.

The one lawyer returning the dollar wrote: "If you've made many mistakes of this sort, you'll soon need a large amount of legal advice which I am prepared to deliver on short notice."

The playwright said he'd hold the dollar until the sender explained more fully. A letter was sent him explaining that his name had been confused with another's. Probably that was insufficient. Anyway he kept the dollar.

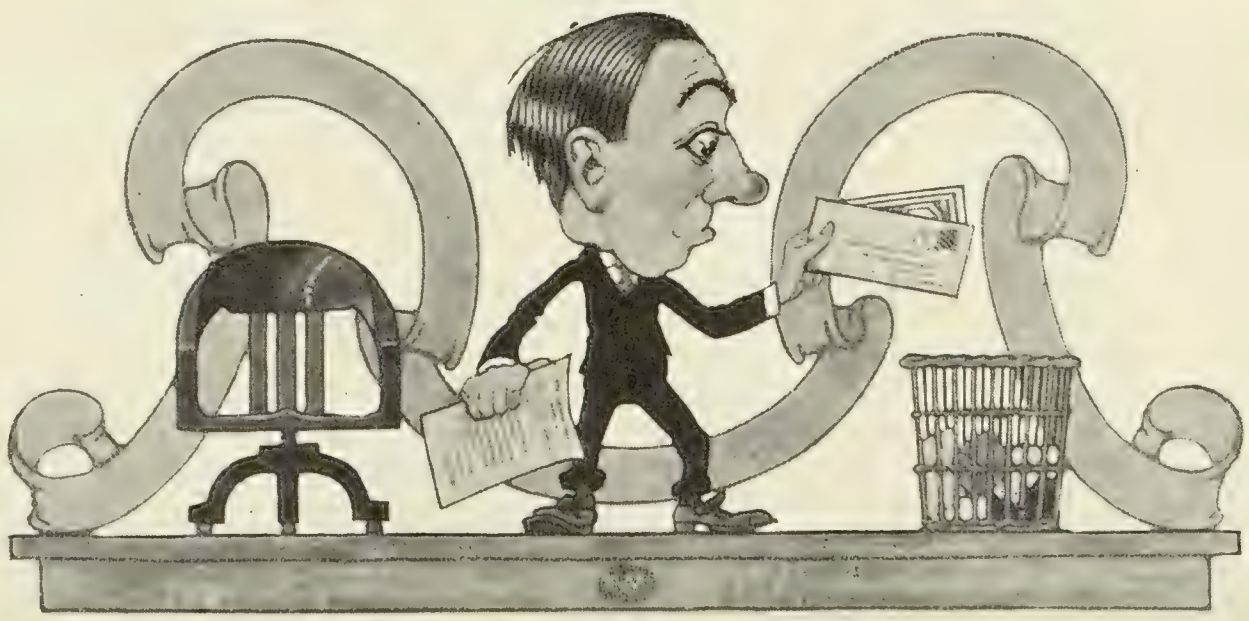
Now we are perfectly willing to concede that this does not prove that we are a dishonest nation. We're not! But it *does* seem that we should have made a better showing than those frugal French did.

The least said about the whole affair the better, don't you think?

Therefore we drop the subject with one final bit of information.

Of the eleven lawyers, five are members of Congress—two Senators and three Representatives. The one attorney sending the money back holds no public post.

THE END



BLACK JACK *Has a* HEART!

By STUART N. LAKE

General Pershing on his tour of the wards in the United States Veterans' Hospital at Camp Kearney, Calif.

General Pershing, straight, stern, and unflinchi every inch a soldier.

The War Department has set aside September 12 of this year as "Defense Day." It was on this day that John Joseph Pershing started a drive on St. Mihiel which led to the capture of 15,000 German prisoners, and on this same day, in 1924, he will retire from the American army after winning his country's undying gratitude. This date falls on the eve of the General's birthday, for on September 13, 1860, Pershing was born.

THERE'S an army axiom which has it that an officer attains both rank and renown in direct proportion to the degree in which he is "hard-boiled."

On Saturday, September 13, General John J. Pershing, who has worn his country's uniform for forty-two consecutive years, celebrates the sixty-fourth anniversary of his birth and, by law, is retired. For five years General Pershing has been general of the army of the United States—the highest rank to which an officer may attain—and he owns, doubtless, a fame as great as any predecessor knew. Not only does he stand high in the regard of his native land, but he is esteemed and honored by the nations of the world.

It almost would seem that the fates conspired to establish General Pershing in the public mind as the personification of adamantine, cold-blooded success. "Black Jack," the very nickname by which the whole army knows its chief, was bestowed upon him in youth as reluctant tribute from a company of Negro soldiers notorious for collective and entire indifference to discipline until Lieutenant Pershing came along.

As a captain he carried law and order to the savage tribes of the southern Philippine Islands and made that law and order stick. Next, he was sent into Mexico under the ruthless command "Get Villa—dead or alive!" That he didn't get Pancho cannot be scored against him.

Then he was chosen to lead an American army destined to turn the tide of struggle for the mastery of the world.

For twenty-five years the Pershing portrait has been familiar to every American home. That grimly set and square chiseled chin, the close cropped mustache above the compressed lips, the steely eyes, have inspired comment and speculation tinged with awe.

I HAD my first soldier characterization of Pershing fifteen years ago, in Manila, from a man who had been with him in Mindanao.

"Black Jack's hard," this seasoned regular declared, "but you have to be if you'd get anywhere in this man's army. He's a general at an age when the rest of us are fortunate to be captains. Yes, he's a hard baby; but he's square."

The second soldier estimate I obtained beside a road in France in chance conversa with a sergeant who remarked that his o had recently undergone inspection by the c manding general of the A. E. F.

"And say," my informant ejacula "maybe you think he ain't hard boiled!

"Hard Boiled!"

as the Yanks' Description of Pershing. But This Article, Published on the Eve of His Retirement, eveals the Commander of American Expeditionary orces in a Novel Light.

d a guy without a gas mask and bawled verybody in sight, startin' with the and windin' up with a dressin' down of lonel that was worth comin' to France ar. Yes, sir, he's sure hard boiled!" etter a hard-boiled general than one private gassed for want of the mask," gested.

ou said it, buddy," my companion con-

ne weeks later two orderlies armed soap and razors appeared in a hospital which I shared with thirty-four others. lack Jack's coming," the amateur bar- xplained. "Liable to drop in any time he C. O. says every man gets shaved day until Pershing's been and gone." er ten mornings of torture we were hat plans had been changed; Pershing not come our way, after all. There thirty-five hundred soldier patients in ase hospital, and, if our ward was any ion, every last one of them returned to nited States blaming Black Jack for nsorial terror.

the army appraisal of Pershing there been added, for civilian consumption, the ic portrayals by some who saw the man spotlight of world-wide acclaim on July 19, when, as the climax of his military , General Pershing led the pick of Amer- manhood down the Champs Elysées of in the Allied Victory Parade.

. Bouchor, official artist to the French has painted Pershing as he looked that grim, military figure; a lean, hard, lar warrior at the head of warlike men; er with a jaw of bronze, self-possessed, hant, fairly nonchalant with the power mmand.

e most soldierly appearing general in allied line," said a British writer.

, magnifique!" commented the French. *sabre!*"

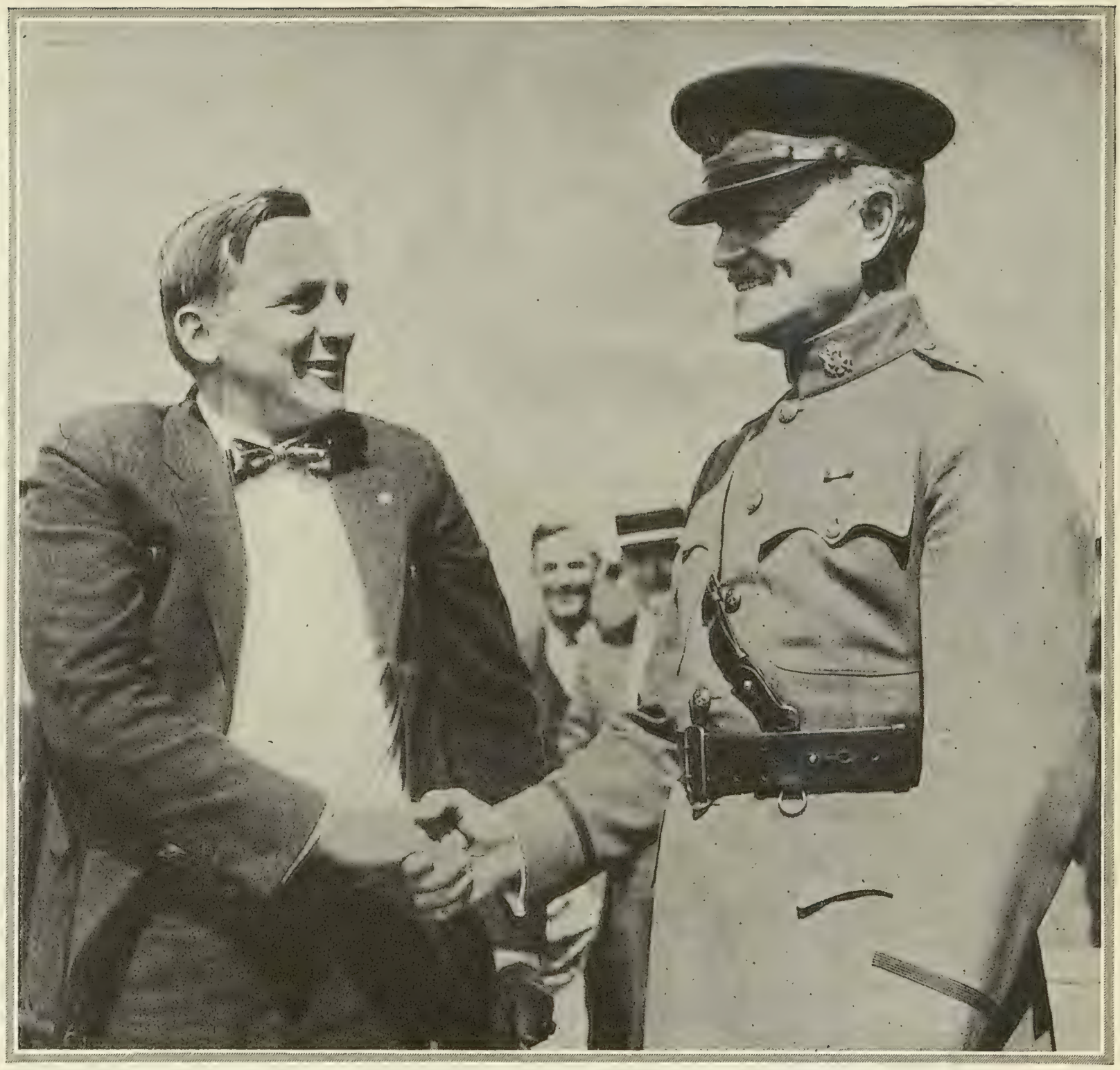
rd boiled," said the Yank. "Hard boiled l!"

RE is no desire to set myself apart from se who admire General Pershing; I een barely acquainted with him for fif- ears and have spoken with him possibly occasions.

—once I kidnaped Black Jack! I stole om a formal, empty honor function and n away to spend an afternoon in a hos- with four hundred disabled veterans who llowed Pershing through France.

d boiled? Cold?

l, possibly in the interest of his career found it well to let such an impression abroad. But now, as the General re-



"Black Jack" and the author (Stuart N. Lake) after the visit to Camp Kearney.

tires, he will not mind if I violate a confidence.

General Pershing conspired with me to make his kidnaping possible.

Some months ago, it may be recalled, he toured the United States on his final inspection of our military resources and in the interests of national defense. A stop was scheduled for San Diego, California, and to that city General Pershing sent word that the only entertainment of a public nature he desired was a luncheon with world war veterans.

Possibly the message was misunderstood, for on the evening prior to General Pershing's arrival the whole town knew that booster organizations had acquired more than half of the luncheon tickets, that women members of the American Legion—nurses who had served overseas—had been told that they could not attend, that scores of ex-service men were clamoring in vain for seats that had been apportioned to portly profiteers, and that four hundred disabled veterans at Camp Kearney—a government hospital fifteen miles from San Diego—had been completely ignored.

I telegraphed the facts to General Pershing, asking him to go with me to Camp Kearney on the following afternoon.

WHEN he arrived in San Diego he was met by the modern counterpart of what used to be termed "distinguished citizens in hacks." Then came the luncheon, and as the guests took their seats I went to General Pershing for his reply to my wire. The toastmaster began a formal introduction. The General winked at me.

"How about it?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied.

The hotel man who served the luncheon is authority for the statement that General Pershing spent just thirty-two minutes in the dining room—twenty-eight devoted to eating and four to explaining that he could not stay for the speeches, as he was going to Camp Kearney. In another sixty seconds he and I were on our way.

It so happened that the first ward which we entered at the hospital is one where hopeless cases are quartered; not one of fifty men who turned their heads as we came in ever would walk again. At the foot of each bed the general came to that rigid attention and salute which only the veteran soldier may achieve, then smiled as he stepped forward to take the veteran's hand.

What a smile! Warm with sympathy and understanding, tender, yet proud!

"Black Jack!" one man whispered.

"Black Jack, Buddy." The General smiled and pressed the thin, weak hand a moment more in silence before he turned away.

At the door of the ward he paused to look along the rows of beds. The General's face flushed; he swallowed hard.

"God!" I heard him whisper as we went down the runway. His cold eyes were wet.

There are many patients at Camp Kearney who hang to life weakly. Pershing knew this and, as gently as a woman, he said:

"Don't try to talk; let's just shake hands."

But one patient on the road to recovery was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I Made $945 in One Month

If YOU Aren't Satisfied With Your Present Earnings Read How R. A. Prentiss Made $945 in One Month

"If anyone had tried to tell me a year ago that *today* I would be my own boss, own a flourishing business, drive my own automobile—*and that I could make $945 in a single month*—I would have laughed at them. Yet all of those things have come to me in a brief span of fifteen months. And what I have done, *you* can duplicate.

A Wage Earner for Fifteen Years

"My name is R. A. Prentiss. I live in a small New England town where I was reared. My first job was that of a ticket taker. Next I became a conductor. Then I got a job in a retail shoe store. After several years of working for someone else I decided to work for myself and opened a small shoe store. But high rents, keen competition, heavy overhead soon ate up my meager capital and I failed. I went back into a factory, back to long hours and a small weekly pay envelope. After fifteen years of hard work I was discouraged and without a future.

I Answered an Unusual Advertisement

"One night my uncle handed me an advertisement he had cut from a magazine. It stated that *I* could own a business of my own without investing a penny, be my own boss—and that, without any experience or training, I could make from $100 to $200 a week. It told of other men, just like me, who were making that much and more. I couldn't believe that it was possible for me to make $100 a week, but the advertiser offered to prove his statements. I was desperate, so I mailed the coupon for the facts. And that simple step changed my whole life.

Then Success—$945 in One Month

"In a few days the information came. The proposition looked good. I decided to give it a trial in my spare time. The first month I made $254. Another month I cleared $262. I knew I had the proposition I had wanted all my life. I quit my job and devoted all of my time to this work. My income grew bigger and bigger until one month I made $945.

Easy Work—Big Profits

"I am the local representative for The Comer Manufacturing Company, one of the largest manufacturers of high-grade top-coats and raincoats in the country. The coats are wonderful values. They are made from the finest fabrics and are tailored into up-to-the-minute styles. They are cold-proof and wind-proof as well as water-proof. And because they are such big values people order them on sight. I just take orders. I don't have to collect or deliver; the company does that. I get my profits the minute I take an order. And for doing this easy, pleasant work I have made as much as $945 in a month.

My Future Was Never So Bright

"Just recently The Comer Manufacturing Company gave me a Buick Touring car as a bonus in addition to my large earnings. I'm my own boss now. I own my own business. I don't have to worry about money because every minute of my time puts money in my pocket. I'm fixed for life. And everything I have I owe to the time when I answered that advertisement. If I hadn't done that I would still be a dissatisfied wage earner."

You Have the Same Chance

If you would like to have a business of your own, without investing a penny; if you would like to have a chance to make $200 a week and get an automobile free, just as Mr. Prentiss did—then mail the coupon. I will send you full particulars of the proposition that has enabled R. A. Prentiss to become a successful business man with an income that makes him financially independent. Mail the coupon at once and I will send this information, without cost or obligation.

C. E. COMER, The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. 77-F, Dayton, Ohio

MAIL THIS NOW!

THE COMER MANUFACTURING CO. Dept. 77-F, Dayton, Ohio

Gentlemen: Please send me full particulars of the proposition that has enabled R. A. Prentiss to make $945 in a single month and get a Buick Touring Car. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

sitting up in bed and would not be denied.

"My," said the General, "you're looking fine."

"General," the boy cried excitedly, "I'm from Sedalia, too!"

"Sedalia, Missouri?"

"Yes, sir. Blythe's my name. Private, Sixteenth Infantry."

Black Jack grinned.

"We're from a good town, aren't we?"

So, through the wards he went, stopping at every bed, gentle, kindly, understanding; there was little to say or do.

"It gets pretty monotonous here, General," one patient told him. "We'll talk about your visit for weeks to come."

On the way to the Red Cross House where patients able to get about had assembled to greet him General Pershing walked with head bowed, hands clasped behind his back.

"What did you say, sir?" I overheard the aide-de-camp inquire.

"I said," the General replied, almost gruffly, "that I thank God I came."

THE Red Cross auditorium was tensely quiet as we walked to the stage. The General had asked me to make things easier with some sort of introduction. For the life of me, as I stood between him and the men who had been to hell and back at his bidding, I could think of but three words.

"Gang," I said, "Black Jack!"

The General of the army of the United States stepped forward in such a pandemonium of yells, of whistles, of stamping, pounding canes, crutches, and wooden legs upon a wooden floor as I had never heard before.

"Well, gang," he observed, when the men had quieted, "here we are again. We have so much in common which is ours alone that it is good for us to hold these little reunions from time to time. They serve to keep aflame that spirit which carried us through so much together, the spirit which kept up our courage until the end. I'd like to tell you a story which, to me, exemplifies something of what I mean.

"In the summer of 1918 a couple of you fellows were sitting at the side of a country road in France, up in the vicinity of the St. Mihiel section.

"'Where we going?' asked one.

"'Don't know,' said the other, 'but they say we're going to have a fight up here in a few days; someone said this is where the Old Man says he's going to win a battle.'

"'Yeah,' said the first doughboy, 'I heard the Old Man said he's going to win if it cost him a hundred thousand men.'

"'Hum,' observed the second after some thought, 'Black Jack's liberal as hell, ain't he?'

"I'm more than glad," General Pershing went on, "to see how you are meeting the situation in which you find yourselves. It is a splendid thing to have courage on the battlefield during war, when everybody is filled with it, when you know the whole country stands behind you; but it is a far greater, finer thing to have it when you must fight a battle on your own.

"I want to thank you for the new courage you have given me. It is a splendid inspiration to any man to visit here. You, who show such courage, give courage to your fellow men—to the whole world.

"No man could help being, as I am, the proudest man in the world to have commanded men who have the native pluck and courage of you who were my soldiers. It comes to very few to command such an army."

As a motorcycle policeman wormed through the crowd which stormed the stage to shout a warning of the time a nurse spoke to him.

"Any place nearer than San Diego where we can catch that train?" he asked me.

"Linda Vista, if they'll stop."

"Get the Santa Fé by telephone," the General instructed his aide. "Have them stop for me at Linda Vista. There are some overseas nurses here I must see."

For half an hour Black Jack chatted reminiscently at the bedsides of women veterans.

"How young he seems," said one as the General moved away. "How young, how handsome! And what a wonderful smile!"

To one girl who, very evidently, was hopelessly ill, the General said, as he took her hand in farewell:

"I always welcome an opportunity to meet the women who served overseas—the nurses, the girls who were with the Red Cross, the canteen and welfare workers.

"The world should be proud of women like you, who nursed thousands of wounded men to life and health, then were stricken as a result of that service."

As we sped to Linda Vista, General Pershing sat silent in one corner of the car, but just before his train pulled in he called me to one side.

"How did you happen to send that wire last night?" he inquired.

"Fifteen years ago, in Manila," I replied, "I was told that you were hard, but square; ever since I've been hearing that you're hard boiled. But I figure that anyone who could get three million men to do for him what the American army did for you in France must have something inside the shell. In your case I judged it would be a heart."

Black Jack actually blushed.

"Thanks," he said. "Thanks for the credit, and thanks for one day that I never will forget."

THE END

Should WOMEN TEACHERS SMOKE?

By AMA BARKER

Picture by ROBERT G. JONES

The Diverting Story of Two Pretty School-ma'ams Who Liked a Cigaret Now and Then, and What Happened When the School Boards Caught 'Em.

THE arrival of a pretty school teacher in a new community has been responsible for many revivals, in certain forms, of learning entirely overlooked by historians.

If we were gathering data on these renaissance movements it might be well to note that it is usually certain male citizens beyond public school age who awake most thoroughly to the value of knowledge. Any winsome teacher will tell you that romance is a common noun; she likes good looking clothes and a jolly time just like other girls. And yet people who liberally agree that "boys will be boys" sometimes find it hard to concede that school teachers will be human.

Not so long ago Dorothy Scholze, pretty, vivacious, and twenty-one, with a diploma from Barnard College and premiums in Latin, French, and Greek, went to Orient, Long Island, to teach in the high school. Now, Orient's attractions, one might say, are principally rural. It modestly claims a population of only five hundred and is content to enjoy its seclusion from urban stress and lack of elbow room. The school is the pride of the town and the special care of Lyle T. Tuthill, president of the board of education by election and a fisherman by vocation.

The high school girls and boys liked their young teacher immediately. When they asked her to go picnicking with them she put on knickerbockers and went along. Sometimes one of the boys in temporary possession of the family car came by and took her for a ride. She sang in the choir of the Congregational Church with other young folks, and choir practice provided some place to go one or two evenings a week. However, hiking about the picturesque Long Island countryside was her principal recreation.

Of course, nobody was saying that there was anything indiscreet about walking as a pastime, but, you see, Miss Scholze wore knickers. She came back to her boarding house after school, donned walking shoes, knickers, blouse, and sweater, and was just as apt to go right down the main street as not if her route led in that direction. At those times she always spoke as pleasantly to the townspeople she met as if she were wearing a skirt. In fact, you would have thought that she did not know that she was a Terrible Example for the high school girls.

BY and by, and it was not so long at that, the president of the local board of education learned that Miss Scholze appeared on the street clad in knickers, and without apology. Furthermore, it was whispered that she—well, to be plain about it, that she smoked cigarets. The president of the Orient board of education is not a man to shun his duties. He went directly to Miss Scholze and told her that if she would let his conscience be her guide she could continue to instruct the youth of Orient. The Barnard girl took the alternative and resigned.

"They gave me classes to teach which were not included in my contract and I stayed anyway," said Miss Scholze. "I love to teach. It's great fun and I liked my pupils. But I won't be driven by any queer, crotchety man who wants to dictate to me about my personal conduct during the hours which should be my own."

It may be that Mr. Tuthill was influenced by his recollections of the days when school teachers were noble examples second to none—not excepting the minister's wife. Instead of afternoon hikes in knickerbockers they "kept in" incorrigible boys and giggling girls or coached backward pupils in their studies. As for the cigarets——!

"Certainly, I smoke after school hours," declared Miss Scholze stoutly. "My smoking has nothing to do with this flapper fad for doing something startling. I learned to smoke with my brothers when I was thirteen years old. I enjoy a cigaret. Why shouldn't I smoke?"

The admonitory speech prepared for a repentant young woman was hastily shelved.

The responsibility of President Tuthill in this matter was lightened none by the refusal of Edward F. Dewey, secretary of the school board, to share his anxiety. While Mr. Dewey believes smoking among school boys and girls is injurious, he considers it a question for the individual to decide. The boys—and girls—of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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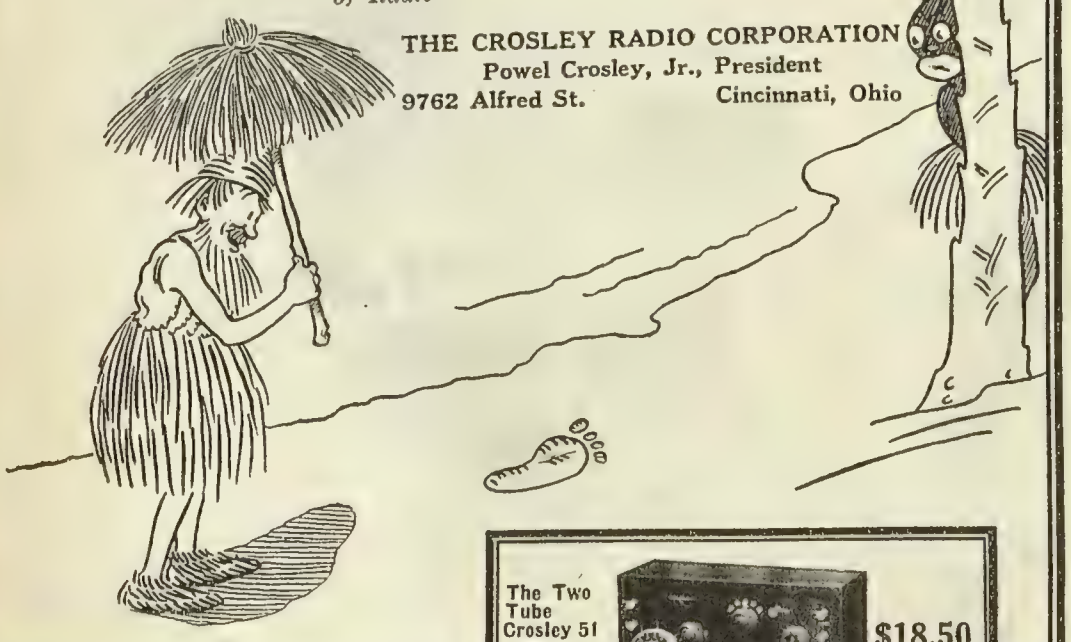

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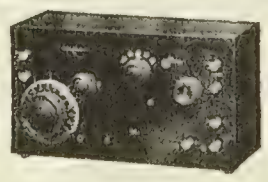

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To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of

Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

the oncoming generation, if you remember, are not the first to learn to smoke, although heretofore there undoubtedly has been more juvenile smoking behind the barn than on the front porch.

Miss Scholze refused to reconsider her resignation, and Mr. Tuthill remained obdurate. High school pupils could not effect a compromise, but they did present their departing teacher with a gold ring engraved with the initials of the Orient High School. With this gift went their best wishes for good luck. And they got their wishes.

Dorothy Scholze has a position in one of the city schools of Waterbury, Connecticut, where she is known as an efficient teacher, and nobody in that New England city of ninety thousand persons has taken the trouble to find out whether or no she wears knickers and smokes cigarets after school.

Moral—If you're going to smoke, don't pick a hick town.

THE episode in Orient's educational circles might have had its locale in almost any town in the country, for there are Mr. Tuthills on school boards and in parent-teachers associations everywhere. They contend that school teachers, by the very nature of their calling, should see the importance of abstaining from the exercise of the so-called personal freedom permitted women in commercial employment.

It was in Secaucus, New Jersey, that Helen Clark, an attractive young teacher in the Huber Street School, encountered difficulties in the pursuit of happiness and the enjoyment of personal liberty.

Miss Clark, who is slender and wears her hair bobbed, has a voice as gentle as her brown eyes. But did she meekly agree to let Matthew J. Pechtel, supervising principal, dictate her days and her evenings, too? She did not. To be sure, she insists that he only did his duty as he saw it. But it is obvious that Miss Clark and Mr. Pechtel do not see eye to eye.

He censured her for not telling him, before he accepted her application, that she was the victim of a pernicious habit like cigaret smoking. Whereupon she replied that she had never considered a cigaret or so in the evening worth mention.

Miss Clark, only one year from college, got her initial teaching experience in the Columbia University model school in Poughkeepsie. When she came to Secaucus, a Jersey town of seven thousand, she was assigned to teach fourth grade work.

"I had a room with Mrs. J. Albrecht in Poplar street. And since it was my room, I smoked there when I pleased and never thought of stuffing the keyhole. Mrs. Albrecht, I soon found out, thinks it is outrageous for a woman to smoke, so she conscientiously informed Mr. Pechtel, and, of course," Miss Clark smiled, "she may have confided the awful news to one or two of her close friends. Pretty soon rumors were flying thick and fast about town that I smoked in school and in automobiles on the streets."

Mr. Pechtel and Austin H. Updyke, county superintendent of schools, lost no time in taking decisive action. They drew up a resignation form and left a space for Miss Clark's signature.

But when the school board held its meeting, August Schell, president, and other members contended that a little personal liberty might not be so iniquitous for school teachers, after all, if it were exercised with discretion. Mr. Updyke admitted, albeit somewhat reluctantly, that there is no law against smoking and agreed it might be well to give the young teacher a chance to reform. So the Secaucus board placed Miss Clark on two months' probation.

MEANWHILE, Miss Clark quietly packed her belongings and moved from the boarding house in Poplar street to a new abode in Jersey City. Secaucus is thirty minutes from Jersey City by trolley. But she arrives at the Huber Street School in due time each morning and at the close of the probation period "the entire matter was dropped." Nobody in Jersey City cares a rap whether Miss Clark inhales or not, and the young automobile salesmen from Union Hill can call as often as it is their mutual pleasure.

Dr. William L. Ettinger states that, in all his experience as superintendent of schools in New York City, no parent has ever complained about the personal conduct of a teacher in the public schools.

"If any of our teachers find the requirements of their profession restrictive, I do not know it," said Dr. Ettinger. "Some of our young men and women may have gone into other work because it offered greater remuneration and more advancement. But the best teachers are likely to go on teaching, regardless of these considerations, because they love their work."

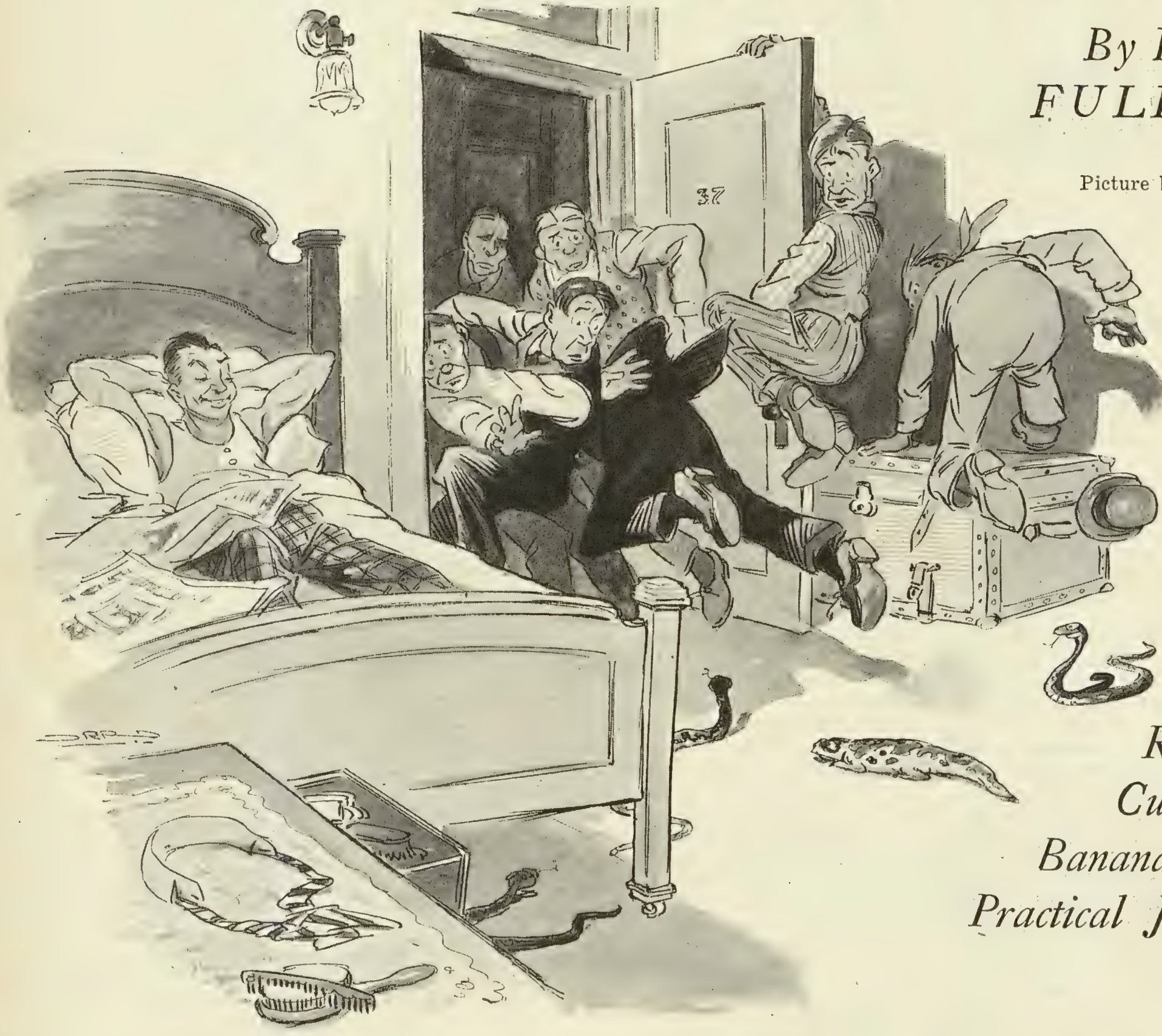
However, such a broad view as is entertained by the superintendent of the New York City public schools does not prevail in all parts of the country. As a matter of fact, President Daugette of the State Normal School at Jacksonville, Alabama, has announced that teachers' certificates will not be issued to students who smoke cigarets. The cigaret is not banned from the campus, but students who smoke cigarets will not be permitted to do practice teaching, which is a requirement to secure a certificate to teach in the Alabama schools.

THE END

With the JOKER WILD

By HUGH FULLERTON

Picture by CAREY ORR



"Be careful, you fellows, don't step on any of them, they might bite you."

A Short Story That Records How Cupid Cast a Banana Peel in a Practical Jester's Path

I SUPPOSE, young fella, you think that is funny? You're one of those kind of humorists that would have had a big laugh if you saw an Indian sticking a tomahawk into your best friend's head. I've seen your kind of comedians come into the big league—and go out so solemn that Will Rogers couldn't have got a laugh out of them in a week.

Naw, I ain't sore. It's all right to put chewing gum on the bench where old Mike is going to sit. He don't mind that kid stuff, but I'm just telling you that you've got to step along some if you think you can put over any new practical jokes in this ball club.

You might get a laugh out of sawing Ty Cobb's bat so it would break when he hit the ball with two on bases, or something like that. But as a humorist you're class C. We've had some real major league practical jokers on this club, and when they got through they went into the undertaking business, they was so solemn looking.

Maybe you don't remember old Hee Haw Haw Jones, that we called Joe Jokes? Well, he was to you what Mark Twain was to Henry James. Anyhow, he kept us interested.

Joe came to us from somewhere down near Oskaloosa. Maybe being born near a town with a name like that made him imagine he was funny. Nice, harmless looking boy, too, so innocent appearing that anyone would suspect him of arson at first sight. He joined the club two days before it was going on the spring training trip and the morning we were to start a big farmer looking fellow calls me aside and says:

"You have a fellow named Joe Jones on the team?"

"Yep," I says.

"Well," he says, "I got a warrant charging him with murder. Got a big mystery out in our town and we want him."

With that he flashes a big star and I'm worried, so I hunt Joe up and tell him the cops are after him. He almost fell out of his chair laughing, and when he got his breath he tells me about it. Seems that him and an umpire was rooming together in Oskaloosa and they didn't like the landlord, so the day they was leaving town they pried up a couple of boards in the floor, put three big beef livers under them and nailed the board down, and after a couple of days the police think they got a murder mystery on their hands.

He was laughing all the way down on the train about the joke he had played on that landlord, giggling to himself, and grinning, so I goes to Slough and says:

"Manager, I'm afraid we got another of them humorists on this ball club."

"Room him with Reulbach, maybe they'll poison each other and we'll all get to laugh," he says.

WE was going down into Florida that spring, and you know the trip! A bit uninteresting after you hit the cinnamon seed and sandy bottom country. I notice Joe is busy. We are going through one of those little towns with half a dozen wooden stores, and a couple of cotton warehouses, and he sees a sign on one of them that says:

JOHN SPRUANCE
General Store and Post Office

A woman was standing in the doorway. I notice Joe takes out a note book and writes down the name and the name of the town,

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and puts it away. I didn't think much of it until we stop at Jacksonville.

We goes to the cigar counter and buys a bunch of picture postal cards and writes. He shows me a card addressed to John Spruance and he had scribbled like a woman and said:

Dearest Johnnie:

We arrived safely. Sorry you cannot come. The baby and I are enjoying it immensely and hope you can run away from that horrid old girl of yours and spend a week or two with us. It was so good of you to give us the money to come.

Your only own,

ETHEL.

"Can you imagine what that old bird's wife'll say when she reads that?" he asked, grinning.

"You and Lucy Borgia had the same ideas of humor," I says. "You may break up that fellow's home."

"But think how sore and puzzled he'll be," he argued.

So every place he went that spring he sent a post card to John from his sweetheart Ethel, telling how the baby was growing, and how much she was enjoying the trip. Every other card he sent acknowledged receipt of money and sent thanks and kisses.

A couple of months later, after the season starts, I meet a fellow who came from that town, and ask him whether he knows John Spruance or not.

"John had a lot of trouble this year," he says. "Seems he got mixed up with some woman. His wife read a lot of post cards, and she was going to get a divorce, but John managed to persuade her he wasn't guilty. Everyone else in town thinks he was, and he had to resign as deacon in the Baptist Church."

PLEASANT little playmate Joe turned out to be. When we were on the home grounds he had an office where the half dozen ham and egg prize fighters he pretended to manage, gathered. There was a thin board partition between his private office, where the desk was, and the room in the rear that he called a gymnasium.

He had a pleasant habit of advertising for help. When the bums applied for work he explained that he had to have men of a certain size. He had a scale measured off against the board partition and he stood them up against it with the backs of their heads against it, and tapped a signal, and one of his ham-and-eggers would swing a maul against the boards and knock the victim cold.

When they revived Joe explained that they were half an inch too short and regretted that a piece of the ceiling fell and hit them.

That guy belonged in Rome. He would have made a great comedian in the Colosseum and would have invented humorous ways of killing folks and enjoyed it.

He was getting on our nerves. Even Reulbach refused to room with him. It isn't comfortable to have a bomb explode under your bed, or to find the drinking water doped, and the fellows were muttering and threatening to kill Joe if he didn't lay off them. The strength of his position was that everyone laughed at the victim of his joke, and he took us all in turn.

Old Mike E. Velli had nothing on this bird when he was going good. The one he pulled on old Bill was worth while. You maybe don't remember Bill? Well, he weighed about eighty-eight pounds and he had most of the diseases that were known to science, especially nerves. He was a newspaper reporter, and maybe that was the reason we got a laugh out of what Joe pulled on him.

Bill was working downtown in New York and the team was playing there. Bill was in a bad way with nerves and he used to walk home from Park Row to One Hundred and Eighty-first Street every night to quiet his nerves so he could sleep. It happened that Joe had kicked a couple one day and lost a game and Bill had written a few words that took hide and hair with them about his playing.

THAT night Joe was strolling down Broadway and met Bill walking home. "Hello, Bill." "Hello, Joe," they said as they passed each other. Joe went to the next corner, hopped on a street car, rode a couple of blocks, dropped off and went back to meet Bill again.

"Hello, Bill," he said. Bill blinked a couple of times and stared. "Hello, Joe," he answered.

Joe walked a block, grabbed a taxi, got past Bill and met him the third time, greeting him casually. The fourth time he met Joe, Bill rushed to his specialist, dragged him out of bed and Bill said he was going crazy. Bill said he knew he was insane because he had been meeting Joe every block on Broadway from Times Square to Columbus Circle.

By the middle of the season Joe had us all jumpy, and the players either were dodging him or laying for a chance to assassinate him. After he took a pound of red pepper and sprinkled it inside every uniform in the club house on a hot day, the gang decided it was time to stop him. After dinner that evening they plotted to raid his room and give him the third degree. They waited until he was in the room and kicking open the door, rushed in.

Joe was lying on the bed, half dressed, and he just glanced up and said:

"Be careful, you fellows, don't step on any of them, they might bite you."

Just then Brownie gave a yell and jumped for the top of a trunk and the rest of the gang knocked each other down getting out of there. There were half a dozen snakes crawling around on the carpet and a Gila monster was in the middle of the rug. Joe called it "Cutie." We couldn't get anyone to room in the same corridor with Joe and the story went around that he carried a trunk full of poison snakes and played with them.

And right then Joe fell in love.

You remember that guy A. Killes who had the bum hock? Well, the minute I discover that Joe has fallen for a sport skirt I think of that old bird. I knew we had a chance with him then. He laid off playing what he calls practical jokes and commences to take life seriously. The rest of us breathed more easily than we had done since he joined the team and the majority were willing to let it go at that. We hoped nothing would happen to him to prevent the marriage.

It was old Jack who thought of the idea. The team was in St. Louis and we got the tip that Sadie—that was the girl—and her mother were coming down from Oskaloosa to see Joe play. Being in love seemed to sap what brains Joe had. At least, he didn't have any more sense than to tell his victims that she and her mother were to visit him, and explain that he wanted the boys to meet them.

JACK had suffered a bit more than any of the others from Joe's pranks and he hatched the plan to get even with Joe for everything that had happened. I felt sorry when Sadie and her mother arrived.

Sadie was such a little beauty and so nice that it looked as if Joe was playing one of his practical jokes on her by getting engaged to her. And her mother was fine. She was handsome, and a real jolly, companionable sort, and as a girl must have been a beauty. Both of them were all excited over meeting the players and going to the games.

Sadie was quite a hit with the bunch, and we felt a little sorry for her, until we discovered that she was wise. She liked Joe—but she wanted him cured of that practical joking habit as much as anyone else did. She and Jack and her mother and I had a long talk and after she laughed joyfully we knew it was all right.

You see, the Rabbit, who was playing with us then, was quite a mimic and he was just as anxious to get even with Joe as anyone, as it was Joe who, knowing that the Rabbit didn't drink, swore out a complaint as his next friend and had him committed to a drink cure dump.

The girl entered into the conspiracy and even loaned the Rabbit her clothes.

That evening Joe and the girl and her mother were sitting in the hotel parlor when a very blonde and excited woman entered and rushing down upon Joe, threw her arms around him.

"Tell me it isn't true, Joe," she pleaded, weeping and clinging to him. "Tell me they lie. You're not going to desert me for that homely little country girl, are you?"

Joe was stunned at first, then mad, and then spluttering and trying to tear loose from the arms that clung to him. The Rabbit certainly was doing some fine acting, and he had a strangle hold on Joe that couldn't be broken.

Joe's girl Sadie, arose indignantly and watched the scene for a minute and then turning to Joe, she said:

"So, that is the kind of a man you are, is it?"

"Listen—I never saw this woman in my life before," Joe yelled trying to break loose.

"O, O," screamed the Rabbit, getting hysterical. "He struck me. He deserts me and then beats me."

"Isn't it bad enough to deceive me without striking a lady?" demanded Sadie. "I never want you to speak to me again."

And she swept out of the parlor.

Half a dozen of us had been hidden behind the draperies between the parlors.

JOE was crazy and he grabbed the "girl" by the shoulders and was denouncing her when the wig slipped—and the Rabbit was exposed.

Joe's jaw dropped down on to his chest and after we all had gathered around laughing and razzing him he said:

"I suppose you fellows think this is a joke. You have a funny sense of humor. You've ruined my life."

He was so broken up that some of us almost felt sorry for him.

And that girl of his was game. She locked herself in the room and pretended she was packing to return home. Poor Joe hung around like a blighted soul, trying to get a chance to talk with her. Her mother came out and brushed past Joe, refusing to notice him.

By lunch time the next day Joe was getting ready to jump off the Eads Bridge, and at two o'clock Sadie finally took pity on him and permitted him to explain.

He was begging and pleading and suddenly she could not keep her face straight any longer and laughed aloud.

Cured? I'll say he was. Joe got so he scolded anyone who rubbed *asafetida* on a ball before throwing it out to the umpire.

THE END

FATIGUE

How to *OVERCOME IT*

Revealing Some Important Secrets About Sleep and Rest, and How to Use Them Wisely

By Dr. JAMES W. BARTON

Decorations by GUERNSEY MOORE

I WATCHED thirty-five airplanes one day as they did the loop the loop, nose dives and various other stunts. As I watched there seemed to be an unusual number returning to earth about the same time.

I asked a ground officer why they were all coming down at this particular hour, about four o'clock in the afternoon.

"O," he replied, "they are coming down for a bite to eat and a cup of tea. They'll be going up again. They'll do another hour before the day is spent."

I believe you will agree with me that this habit of having a bite to eat in the middle of the afternoon is becoming more widespread. Is there any need for food, for refreshment at that hour? Are all these people so worn out with their work that they must have more food to carry them along?

If such be the case, why does the teamster, the woodsman, the real outdoor man, get along so well without this mid-afternoon refreshment? Or is it just a habit of the British people, and are we acquiring the habit?

As a matter of fact there is an actual fatigue of the body and the mind, which is felt after a certain amount of mental effort. Where the mind must concentrate on the work, the fatigue of mind and body comes on sooner than where the work is purely mechanical.

The reason is your nerves tire before your muscles, and if your nerves tire or are exhausted, then the muscles will not do their work. If in addition to your actual work, your mind, your nerves, are exhausted by emotions such as worry and by sleeplessness, then fatigue is a constant companion.

YOU may remember the heavyweight boxing contest between Jim Jeffries, the white man, and Jack Johnson, the colored fighter. The white man was defeated before he entered the ring. He realized he was carrying the hopes of thousands of people and he began to worry about it. It was not a case of lack of pluck, for Jeffries never lacked that. But that so many persons were depending on him simply got under him to such an extent that he became stale because he could not sleep.

If we could analyze the cause of insomnia we would find that most persons can't sleep because they are afraid they can't sleep. Of course, if you have had some strong coffee, eaten something unusual, or have come from an exciting debate, boxing bout or other athletic contest, you must not expect to go to sleep for a little while at least.

There are hundreds of methods suggested for inducing sleep, from counting imaginary objects to the hot bath before retiring. The fact that insomnia sufferers "think" this will help them is the important factor in curing it.

If you are in your teens, get eight or nine hours' rest. If between twenty and fifty years, seven is enough.

To induce sleep have your room well ventilated, take a little exercise or a walk, drink a little hot milk, have your feet warm, light bed clothing and a hard mattress. Lying on either side, with the knees slightly bent, takes all the "pull," as it were, off the leg muscles, and the muscles thereby lose their tenseness and bring relaxation. Breathe deeply and expel the air with a sigh, almost as if you were completely exhausted. This gives the mental and physical relaxation necessary.

If you should wake up, don't worry about it. Pick up a book or paper and read for a while. You'll likely drop off to sleep, and if you don't, being awake won't hurt you.

In any case, don't use drugs. That is admitting that you are beaten, and natural sleep will be farther than ever away from you.

Do not attempt any new work or exercise when tired. Do not attempt to learn intricate exercises of any kind when tired mentally.

But what actually tires the body?

When we work our muscles they become heated, and products are manufactured in the muscle as a result of combustion. These products are really poisons, and, like certain other poisons, they have the power of actually paralyzing the muscle.

If these products are extracted and put into a fresh or unworked muscle they will paralyze it, just the same as if it had been doing a great deal of work. You and I don't, as a rule, work long enough at a time to bring on this paralysis.

We usually stop working or exercising when the pain begins. And this is really the time to stop and rest—in fact, a little before this would be even better.

THE very act of stopping work, mental and physical, enables the blood to carry off the poisons of fatigue of which I spoke above. A few minutes' rest gives your heart and blood vessels a wonderful chance to rid the body of fatigue poisons. Such a very little rest is often sufficient.

In a furnace, if you want to get a real fire, to get the fire renewed, as it were, you first shake down the ashes which are deadening it. You then let it burn for a few minutes to get the full benefit of this freedom. The result is a good fire, and you can add fuel if you wish.

Similarly to overcome fatigue your first thought is removing ashes—fatigue products—which you do by absolute rest of brain and body—thus preventing further manufacture of these products, while the blood carries away the ashes of fatigue products.

You can then add a little fuel—food—if you so desire. It gives something to "work on" if you decide to continue the task.

But the big factor in overcoming fatigue is the absolute rest of mind and body for a few minutes, two or three times a day.

Is there such a thing as "beauty sleep"? Is there any basis for the old idea that an hour before midnight is worth two after midnight?

Certainly, for if you work the muscles of the body for an hour and then rest them for five minutes, you can go along well for another hour; then take another five minutes' rest, and so forth. If you take an hour of sleep before you are exhausted, your body would actually need less. If you have only a certain number of hours to rest, then the earlier you get them, before you are too tired, the quicker your body will be rested.

THE END

DOCTOR BARTON AND HIS WORK

Doctor Barton has always been identified with problems of health and athletics. At public school he was a consistent winner in athletic games, and for ten years he was a Y. M. C. A. physical director in Baltimore and Atlanta.

For the last sixteen years Doctor Barton has been physical director at the University of Toronto, for many years he has been the official physician for all amateur boxing bouts in Toronto, and he is official medical examiner for the Ontario Boxing Commission.

As medical director of the Canadian Health Service Institute, Doctor Barton gives the same straight and sane advice he gives to readers of his articles in Liberty.

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expresses the whole art of the exquisite toilette

LINGER before your mirror with **Bourjois!** How well this master perfumer blends his colors and strange scents. How much wisdom lies in the smooth glow of this rouge—it is **Ashes of Roses**—or perhaps the brighter **Rouge Mandarine.** And in these subtle shades of face powder—adapted to every tone and whim—what art! It is **MANON LESCAUT.** Be sure to touch your eyelids with it—in a darker tone, perhaps. That is one little rule of **Bourjois,** the master.

Perfume, too, from **Bourjois,** and dainty lipstick in the shade that suits you best. See! **Bourjois** provides a fascinating thrill for every moment of the toilette—from the moment you step from your bath to your appearance before your admiring world.

Some are pictured here and many others are to be discovered at your druggist's. There also is the book of beauty, **"What Every Woman Does NOT Know,"** which is a revelation in the little arts of "a touch here and a touch there." It is as useful as your mirror, that book. You may have one with your next **Bourjois** purchase.

If you wish, send us 18c with the coupon below for a sample of **MANON LESCAUT** Face Powder and a copy of **"What Every Woman Does NOT Know."**

No. 650 B

Manon Lescaut* Talcum Powder. Smooth, light, exquisitely fragrant. In handsome metal container.

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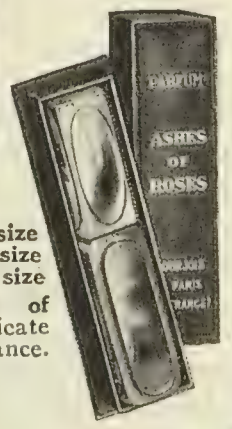
Manon Lescaut Face Powder, texture of peerless adherence and fineness. Perfumed for the fastidious taste. Manon Lescaut may also be had in perfume and toilet water. Choice of: White, Rose, Flesh and Brunette. Also: Peaches Powder and Peaches-and-Cream Powder.



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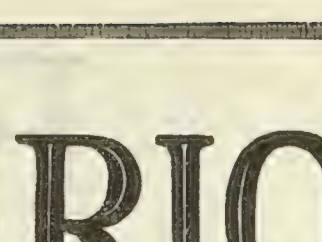

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TELEPHONE MANNERS

A supervisor watches that no conversation goes on between operators and that they do not chew gum.

Hello! Is This the General Public? Miss Mary Malcolm Speaking, and She Wishes to Tell You Where Most of Your Phone Troubles Come from, and Why

By WILLIAM J. WHITE

Pictures by RALPH BARTON

JOHN T. BAWKER, head of Bawker & Co., manufacturers, is a typical American business man—wide awake, energetic. He knows his organization from top to bottom; his mind is open to every suggestion offered, with the aim of improving his product. In every respect the firm is a model of efficiency. In every respect, that is, but one.

On Mr. Bawker's desk the other morning was a letter from an official of the Majestic Products Company, in which was described a new type of machine of the kind used in his factory. Mr. Bawker read the letter carefully and was interested at once. Turning to his secretary, he gave a curt command.

"Get me Mr. Hodges of the Majestic Products Company."

Then there's the telephone masher.

The secretary repeated the order to the telephone operator, and returned to his task of answering the morning mail.

Prominently displayed in the booklet entitled "Rules and Regulations," issued to employés of Bawker & Co., is the warning:

"Only business calls are permitted, and the person making the call must look up the number himself."

But in the office of the head of the firm this rule is rarely obeyed.

The operator kept other calls waiting as she hunted for the number of the Majestic Products Company. This ascertained, she continued to disregard the lights that were impatiently flashing on her board while she put through the call, and finally got Mr. Hodges on the wire.

"Call for you, Mr. Hodges," she announced, and cut back to ring the phone in Mr. Bawker's office.

Mr. Bawker never answers a call without first finding out who the caller is. The secretary serves as a splendid buffer.

Mr. Hodges, waiting with the receiver clamped to his ear, next heard the voice of the secretary:

"Mr. Bawker's secretary speaking."

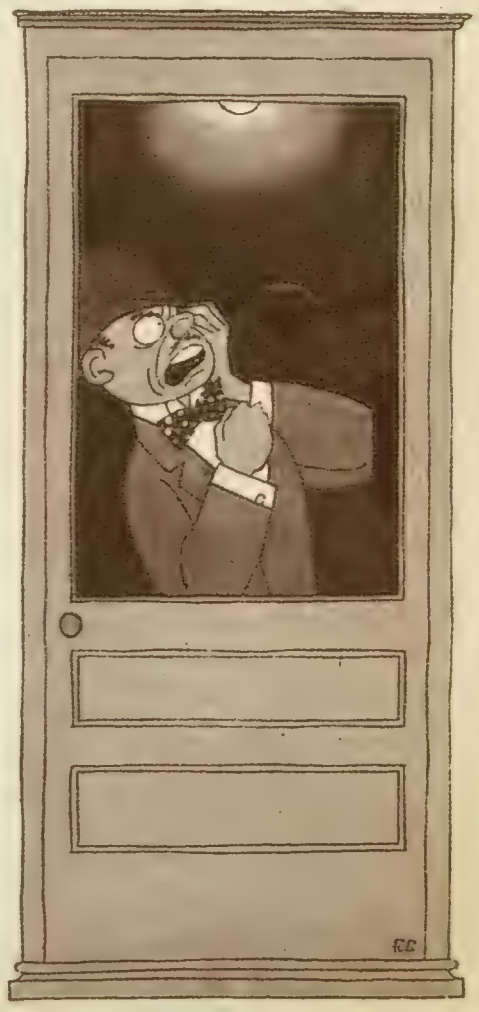
The head of the Majestic Products Company was beginning to get slightly bored, and replied somewhat sharply:

"This is Hodges of the Majestic Products Company."

"O, yes, Mr. Hodges. Mr. Bawker asked me to call you. Will you hold the wire a moment, please?"

Mr. Bawker was again deep in the letter that prompted the call, and the more he read the more impressed he became. So immersed was he in the description of the new machine that he did not hear the secretary announce Mr. Hodges. Not wishing to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



The telephone bully is right at home in a public booth.

What is his future portrait?
And what is yours?

AS YOU look at him in his immaculate evening clothes with his well-groomed hair brushed back from his forehead, can you picture how he would look if he were bald?

It gives you a start, doesn't it? Whether that man of yours will be either bald or good-looking is largely up to you—simply because you know ten times more about hair than he does.

For instance—you know that *no* hair tonic will cure baldness. You also know that the worst enemy of hair is dandruff and that Wildroot will eliminate dandruff.

You know the value of a healthy scalp. And, like millions of other women, you know that Wildroot Hair Tonic will *keep* the scalp healthy—as well as lend a lustrous lure to the hair itself.

He would not think of neglecting his teeth. You should show him that the care of his hair is quite as important.

* * * *

You have a bottle of Wildroot Hair Tonic. Put it alongside of the tooth paste. Use it regularly yourself, and keep your hair lovely. And be sure *he* uses it, too, so that the portrait of him at 50 will show a man as handsome as he is today. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

WILDROOT
HAIR TONIC

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

disturb his boss, the secretary waited, and did not get Bawker's eye until he chanced to look up.

"What's that? Hodges on the wire? Fine!" he said, reaching for the phone.

"Hello, Hodges, this is Bawker," but there was no response.

An investigation proved that Hodges, his patience exhausted by a wait of almost five minutes, had hung up.

MANY persons argue that Mr. Bawker's method of using the telephone, although sometimes working a hardship on the man called, is justifiable on the ground that time is saved. But is it? The question was put to Miss Mary Malcolm, an operator of many years' experience at telephone exchanges and private switchboards.

"No!" was her emphatic reply. "On the contrary, there is a distinct loss of time. If every man put through his own calls he would not only spare himself many minutes but would also gain the good will of the person he is calling.

"Mr. Bawker would have been conversing in two minutes at the very most from the time he lifted the receiver from the hook. As a matter of fact, he would probably have got Mr. Hodges in one minute."

"That's all very well," you may say, "but in the end I will spend half my day on the phone. Even if I am decent about it and put through my own calls, the other fellow won't."

"Why not follow Mr. Hodges' example," suggested Miss Malcolm, "and refuse to wait? Surely one or two disappointments of that kind will be hint enough for anyone!"

In looking over the records of his salesmen the head of a New York concern noticed recently that no goods had been sold for a month to a customer of many years standing. The salesman who handled this customer was considered one of the stars of the staff—courteous, persuasive, insistent without being offensive. He confessed he was mystified. The defection dated almost from the time of the advent of a new purchasing agent in the office of the customer. Many times, the salesman explained, he had attempted to get the purchasing agent on the phone, with no success, and admission was denied him when he applied in person.

His chief decided to take up the matter himself. He knew the purchasing agent by reputation, one with an exhaustive knowledge of his sources of supply.

"I have been waiting for this call," the purchasing agent smiled. "To tell you the truth, I want to deal with you people, but I feel I cannot afford to waste my time in order to do it."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked his caller.

"Just this: every time your salesman called me on the phone I was forced to wait two or three minutes while the operator in your office called him again. He is evidently in the habit of giving the number he desires to your operator and then hanging up. I put through all my own calls, and expect others to do the same.

"Let's see; it's a month now since I ordered anything from you, isn't it?" The manufacturer nodded. "That means approximately one thousand dollars worth of business."

"A pretty expensive lesson in telephone etiquette," said his caller, ruefully. "You'll not have to give it again."

What is there about the telephone that makes many persons discourteous when using it? A man may be in the best of humor, at peace with all the world; a delay of thirty seconds in getting a call put through will so sour his disposition that his day and that of those around him will be ruined.

"What if we Americans had to tolerate the kind of service given in France?" Miss Malcolm was asked.

"I AM told that in Paris one saves time by calling in person rather than by phone," she replied. "It does seem, though, that we are spoiled and expect the operator to be infallible.

"Here's a suggestion, the strict observance of which will save considerable wear and tear on the nerves: if you wish to get the attention of the operator do not move the hook rapidly up and down. When the receiver is off the hook a white light shows on the switchboard. It follows that if the hook is moved quickly up and down the light is extinguished for a very small fraction of a second, and the operator, busy with other calls, may never see it. If, however, the hook is moved slowly, an easily perceptible flash will result, and the operator will respond at once."

For some time after the war telephone service was bad; even the telephone companies admitted that. Their excuse was that construction virtually ceased during the war time, and the renewal of business found the lines entirely inadequate to meet the demands. Work was rushed day and night; millions of miles of wire were installed; many new exchanges were built; thousands of additional operators trained. Gradually the companies are catching up, but meanwhile the subscriber has had a hard time of it.

On an exceedingly warm day a nationally known humorist stepped into a booth to call a friend who lived a half mile distant. Thousands have laughed at his versions of the "wrong number" joke; but he failed to see the humor of the situation when his fifth attempt

met the same fate as the others. His once proud collar was bent over in an attitude of utter dejection; his voice was a hoarse whisper.

Unscrewing the retaining cap of the receiver, he removed the diaphragm and stalked off. Unfortunately for his plan of vengeance, his action put many more nickels into the company's coffers, since subsequent sufferers inserted coin after coin in vain until the machine was repaired.

So exasperated did one telephone user become over the poor service that he kept a record of the wrong numbers and the time he lost through inefficient service. Now he is attempting to collect damages from the company through the courts.

Another subscriber of an inquiring turn of mind was frankly skeptical of the truth of the operator's all too frequent reply, "The line is busy." He decided to test his theory that the answer really meant the operator herself was too busy to get the number. His office possesses two phones, each having direct connection with the central exchange and each with a different number. At a time when one instrument was not in use he put in a call for it through the other. Back came the monotonous answer, "The line is busy!"

The tired business man, with a cigar in his mouth, asks for "Blump-ugh-doo-nen-fi."

THE job of operating a switchboard for a business house, trying though it is on the nerves, is much to be preferred to a place in a telephone exchange. One hesitates to show his ugly side to a person whom he knows intimately, and the fear of being reported sometimes places a curb on the tongue of those who ordinarily would have no regard for the feelings of the operator.

The telephone bully is right at home in a public booth. Here he can let loose a torrent of vituperation with slight fear of being detected, and no threat of suspension of service can be made against him. The telephone companies employ detectives, who are constantly on the watch for such despicable creatures, and on occasions catch offenders.

Thoughtlessness and the lack to heed a few simple rules laid down for the correct use of the phone are responsible for many wrong numbers. Take the case of the tired business man, a trifle more tired than usual because a poker conference which started the night previous was continued until daybreak.

Heaving a deep sigh, he removes his feet from the desk and reaches for the telephone. Lifting the receiver from the hook, he regains his former comfortable position—chair tilted back, feet propped against the edge of the desk. Even before he is settled he hears the operator's cheery voice, saying, "Number, please?"

Contrary to the doctor's explicit orders limiting him to two cigars a day, the T. B. M. is half way through his third Havana. With his cigar tightly held between his teeth, he attempts to shout a number into the transmitter on the desk, two feet away. To the uninitiated his effort sounds something like this:

"Blump-ugh-doo-nen-fi."

But operators are fairly good at riddles.

"Blent: eight-two-nine-five?" she suggests.

Bang! Down come the T. B. M.'s feet to the floor. He pulls the cigar from his mouth and, in a voice trembling with indignation, cries:

"I said Blent: one-two-nine-five! What's the matter—getting deaf?"

The operator makes no answer other than to repeat the number, although she is tempted to read a lesson in telephone etiquette to the irate caller. Obviously, the fault was that of the subscriber and not the operator.

Some idea of the speed at which the exchange operator works can be gained when you realize that in a space of thirty seconds or less she answers your call, verifies the number, rings another operator in the designated exchange, repeats the number, and sees that the second operator calls the number back correctly.

The girls work continuously under pressure.

"Five million calls are made daily in New York City," said Miss Malcolm. "It can readily be seen that a vast saving in time would be effected if the phone were properly used by all. To be sure, we will always have with us the chronic kickers, but they are a tiny fraction of the army of telephone users."

WHO are these complaining ones? Are men the chief offenders? For the purposes of illustration men have been used in the foregoing examples of improper methods of telephone usage.

"Women are apt to observe the rules closely," Miss Malcolm declared. "They are careful in their enunciation; they stand near to the phone; they speak directly into the transmitter. And yet——

"Operators prefer to handle the calls of men rather than those of women. Men are more courteous, more considerate. Women, speaking generally, are exacting, inclined to be fault-finding, and are ever ready with the threat of reporting operators when a mistake is made. Men are tolerant, frequently laugh off a mistake."

The real bane of all telephone companies is the woman who insists on having "a nice long visit" over the telephone. One operator has developed the theory that the reason many a woman talks interminably into a receiver is because she hasn't acquired the skill to end a conversation. As the operator says:

"They go on because they don't see their way clear to winding up with a bang."

A well known New York editor has a different theory. He says loneliness is at the root of this telephone evil and cites the case of a woman author who, working in solitude, used to grow "talk hungry" and call him up to hold forth by the hour. The only way out of the difficulty was to keep the receiver a foot from his ear, cover the mouthpiece—and proceed to dictate letters!

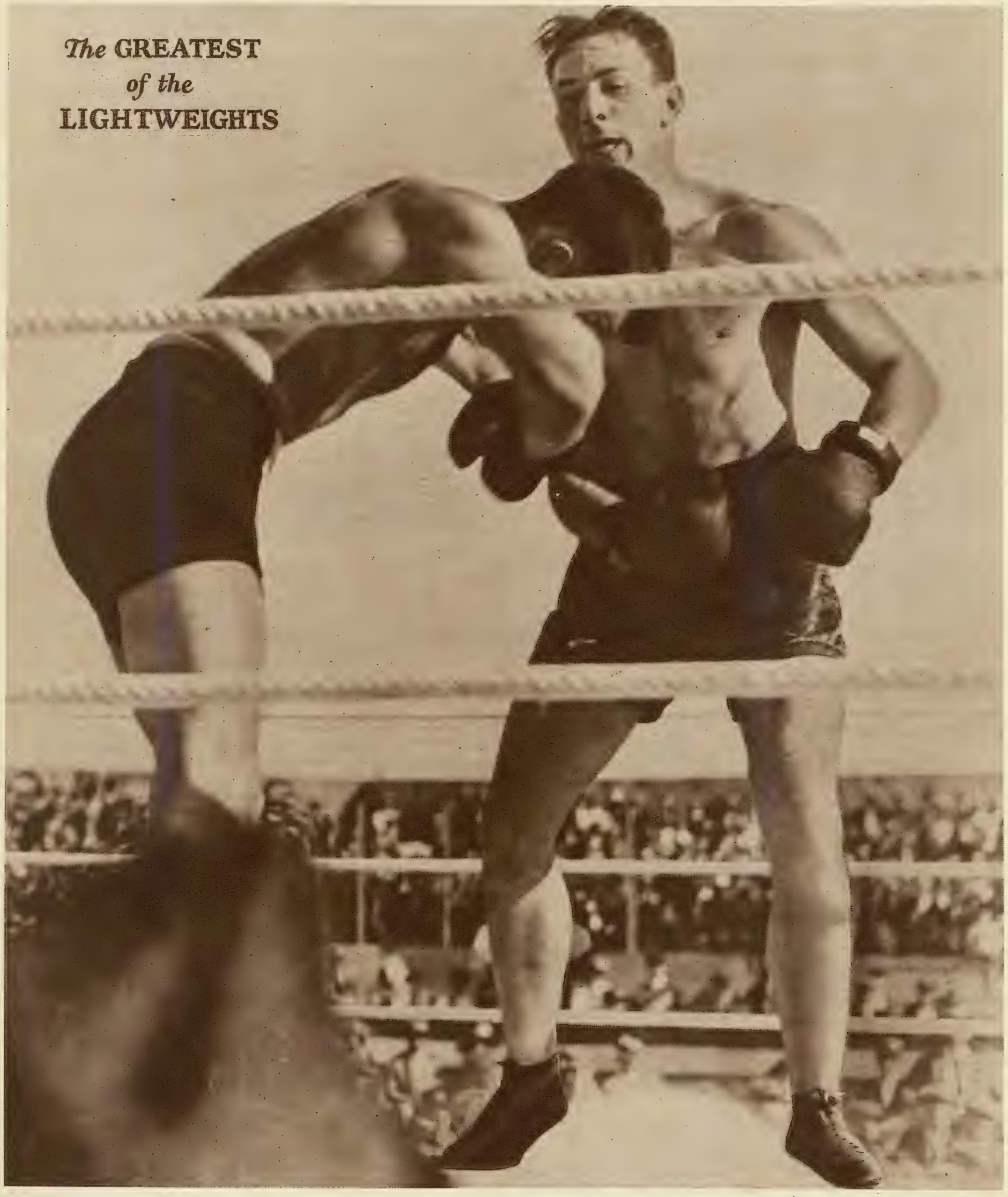
The coin box still remains a puzzle to many. Operators get considerable amusement and a fair share of abuse through the public's ignorance of the workings of that very necessary instrument.

Then there's the telephone masher. Sometimes he is just an amiable young man with some idle time on his hands; occasionally he has a vicious motive. All are disposed of with the same weapon: silence. When they find they are cut off they generally desist.

"Of course these would-be mashers don't know that a telephone operator is not permitted to talk to anyone on the phone during working hours except in answering calls, save in a few cases. Her conversation is limited to certain answers which are supposed to cover every reply necessary to ordinary calls. The result is that she is unable to flirt over the wire even if she were so disposed. There is always a supervisor behind the operators to see that the rules are obeyed. This accounts for the silence and cut-off that comes to the would-be flirt.

"Incidentally," added Miss Malcolm, "the masher is paying unconscious tribute to 'the voice with a smile.' That point is emphasized in the training of an operator. Why should it not apply to the telephone user as well?"

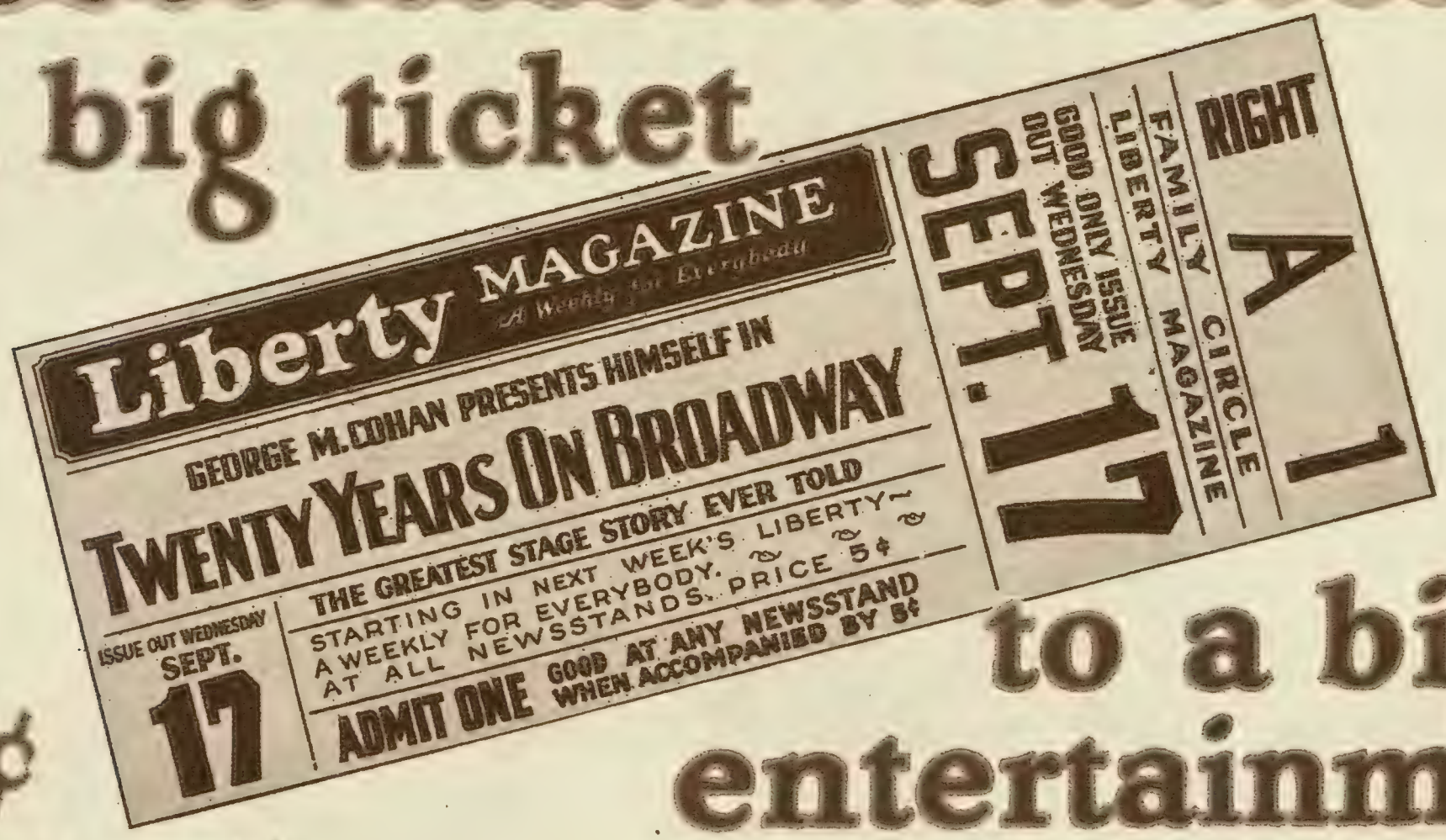
THE END



BENNIE LEONARD, the lightweight world's champion whom none can beat! Veteran of over two hundred fights, Leonard fought more than half of them to win his chance in 1917 at Freddie Welsh and the lightweight crown. Nine rounds and a knockout switched the crown to Bennie's brow. Since then he has disposed of every lightweight aspirant until now, in order to find competition, he must invade the welterweight class. Present plans call for a go at none other than Mickie Walker, king of the heavier fighters. The picture gives an unusually fine example of his whirlwind style, the unhappy victim being Rocky Kansas.

KING OF THE WATERS—Johnny Weissmuller of Chicago, swimming speed marvel of the world! About two years ago, when Kealoha and Duke Kahanamoku had all but made Hawaiian swimming supremacy traditional, a new star burst upon the swimming firmament. When the splashing subsided, the list of world's records held by Johnny Weissmuller covered every standard free style swimming event from 100 yards to 500 meters, with two backstroke world records thrown in! This summer Johnny went to France, captured firsts in every Olympic event he entered—and at this writing is in Vienna breaking his own records, since no one else can do it.

A big ticket



to a big entertainment

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And The Years It Took To Get There

By GEORGE M. COHAN (Himself)

This extraordinary story carries a lesson to every man, woman, boy, and girl. It recites the stern reality of stage life; it exhibits the fine, unquenchable character that battled with lone hand to monumental success. It is crowded with incidents about great stage personages. Intimate details are lavishly told—here's stage history related, as Cohan lived it, in a happy combination of teeming interest and comedy.

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THE Story of a Barefoot Boy and Two Silver Shillings, and of How They Grew Into a Wise Chocolate King and "a Million Billion Trillion Dollars." And of an Almost Fairylike Domain in Pennsylvania, Where This Emperor of Industry Is Letting Poor Orphan Boys Spend His Dazzling Fortune.

An aeroplane view of Hershey, a "spotless town," nerve center of eight thousand busy acres.

Mr. Hershey and one of the orphaned boys from his school in an attitude that speaks eloquently of the relations between philanthropist and ward.

(Photo of Mr. Hershey by Wide World)

"HERSHEY"

By CHARLES W. LOBDELL

ON July 2, 1863, while the roar of cannon came muffled from the Southwest, where two armies swayed in death grips, deciding the fate of a nation at Gettysburg, a barefoot boy was trudging behind a wagon, along a dusty Pennsylvania highway, toward Lebanon. His eyes turned backward, toward an ancient stone mansion, the home of his father and grandfather. He passed the old stone home his great-grandfather had built on land granted him by William Penn. The boy was just seven years old, and he was leaving the home of his childhood.

He kicked up dust and muttered, "I betcha when I get to be worth a million billion trillion dollars I'll take care of good little boys."

Notice he said, "*When* I," and not "*If* I."

Someone had told him that if you planted your money it would grow, so he had planted the two shillings which his aunt had paid him—the first money he earned—deep in a box of earth.

He went on—and so out into the world. And the two shillings he planted grew and spread until they became a huge industrial tree which bore the most beautiful community in America, a great industry, stores, factories, a bank, a street railroad, two great sugar plantations, a railroad—and "a million billion trillion dollars."

He has given all his fortune and all his business (some say it is forty, some sixty, some a hundred millions of dollars), that orphans may be educated and given homes and prepared for life, and he loves them as a father loves his own.

THIS is not a fairy story; it is the story of Milton S. Hershey—you know him—he makes chocolate—who built Hershey, Pennsylvania, one of the model towns of the world, right on the site of the farm from which he was plodding on the day Lee and Meade made history at Gettysburg, and who made America first in the manufacture of chocolate.

There is another queer thing about this man: he went out into the big world and, by work and perseverance and brains, and without much education, grew rich in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, pursuing Opportunity and Wealth. He made so much money he did not want any more, so he decided to return to the farm from which he had walked when he was seven years old to buy back the lands of his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather.

When he had done that he discovered that the Biggest Opportunity had been all the time right there on the old farm—only he hadn't seen it.

He says it is that way: that in every community, every town, there is opportunity waiting, mostly unseen.

With the million billion trillion dollars (he does not know nor much care how many) he was a little lonely. His wife had died, there was no family, and he loves children. When his mother, who was his guide and adviser through all his life, died a few years ago, almost at the last she grasped the hand of her son, who had been a good boy as she had told him always to be, and said:

"Milton, don't let your millions spoil you." He obeyed, as he always had done, and his millions have not spoiled him as they spoil so many men who make them.

The other day I was with Milton Hershey on the old farm, now spread over eight thousand acres. As we went around the quaint Dutch farmhouses where the one hundred and forty-one orphaned boys in his school make their homes I got an insight into the real man. At one house, built more than a hundred years ago by his grandfather, a cluster of bright-eyed, mischievous six year old boys had gathered in the shade.

"What are you fellows doing?" Mr. Hershey asked as the shy ones grinned and the bolder ones rubbed closer against him.

"We got a hop toad in the play houth," lisped one.

"Is that so?" said Mr. Hershey, getting interested. "Let's see him."

So we all tiptoed over toward the play house, and, sure enough, there was a hop toad. We were all excited and whispering.

Did Mr. Hershey clear his throat and say: "Children, this is a specimen of the *Bufonidæ*,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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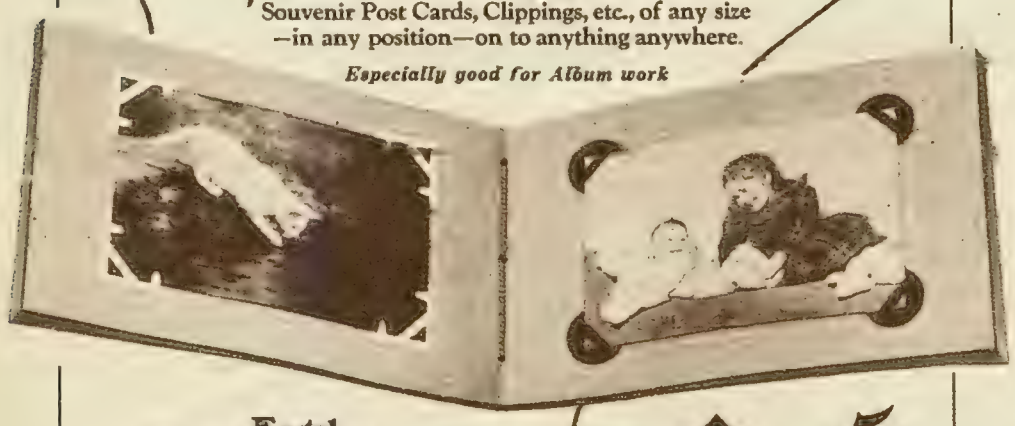

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

the *Bufo vulgaris*. It belongs to the archiferous batrachians, which may be roughly divided into two classes, *bombinator* and *discoglossus*"?

He did not. He got down on his hands and knees and prodded the toad to make it hop, which, every boy knows, is the true function of hop toads; and he told them that if you squeeze toads you will have warts all over your hands, which every boy understands.

The soul of the boy is unchanged in Mr. Hershey, and he is one of the few men in the world boys treat as an equal, which proves that he is deserving of the honor. It is far harder to win the respect of a boy than that of a man.

Mr. Hershey is the most unusual millionaire I ever met. He is a philosopher without calling himself that, a student without professing knowledge, a very rich man who claims no credit for so being, an extremely religious man although belonging to no church, a dreamer who is practical, and one who plans as carefully as he can while relying upon God for the fulfillment of those plans. His mother was the strongest influence upon his life.

Ordinarily, when one goes to see a multimillionaire he meets (or is met by) an army of flunkies—either in home or office—guarding him and afraid of His Majesty. Mr. Hershey came to meet me, shook hands, and in two minutes we were chatting like old friends as we drove through the immense preserve.

"We were Swiss," he said. "The family has been in America more than two hundred years. My great-grandfather's house, over there, he built after William Penn deeded him the land.

"My father was a man fifty years ahead of his time, theoretical and impractical; a good man who never carried anything to a conclusion.

"When Lee's armies were in Pennsylvania, threatening Philadelphia, the word was spread that the Confederates were coming. The farmers were burying everything. Our farm was sold, and we were moving to a smaller and poorer farm near Lancaster.

"Father moved on to the new farm—a sort of a brook trout, fruit, fish, and nursery farm. Later he went into the oil fields, selling drilling machinery and casings, and went broke, losing everything. He usually reached an oil field after the boom had gone somewhere else.

"My mother was a sturdy, steady woman of strong convictions and clear insight. My first job was with a printer, working an old Franklin press, as a very young boy, but I did not like printing. I learned something from that which I have found out to be true in all lines of endeavor: if a man does not like the work he does, he is not a success; if he loves his work, he does good work and lots of it.

"The man who plays the game for the love of it plays fair, enjoys it, and wins. If he does not love his work, he plays for the gain only—and he gets selfish and grasping, looking for chances to skin everyone, and loses even though he acquire a fortune."

ON the edge of the acres of beautiful parkway surrounding the stone mansion of Mr. Hershey there is a little gray stone schoolhouse, in perfect repair, surrounded by flowers, shrubs, and velvety lawns. Sometimes he strolls down to it in the evening when alone. It is the schoolhouse in which he learned his alphabet, with his uncle as teacher.

We were winding through virgin woodland to the top of a ridge that divides the beautiful Lebanon Valley and came to a peristyle and a lake at the summit.

"I am saving this for the people," he said. "I laid aside a thousand or so acres of natural land for a park for the future."

"I do not understand yet how you got into the chocolate business. Was it because of Swiss influence?" I asked as we drove on.

"O, no. None of my family knew anything of candy or chocolate. I worked only three months for the printer, and then I went to Lancaster and found work in a candy shop, thinking I would like that job better. It was nice work, and there were pretty girls in the store. I liked it, and succeeded. I learned to make candy. After a time I went to Philadelphia and had a store on Spring Garden Street, making caramels, and later a factory in New York—and one on Harrison Street in Chicago.

"Cities never seemed natural to me. I never would have learned to like them. The country is the place for people—especially for children. I moved my Chicago factory to Bloomington, Illinois.

"There was trouble with the workers, and that is not natural. I see no reason for trouble with labor and never have had a strike. It is so much easier to settle that sort of thing before the strike comes than afterward. When men's passions are aroused it is difficult to reason with them. I do it before any trouble starts, and, if they are fair and believe I am fair, there is no trouble.

"OVER twenty years ago I found myself rich. I did not want more money. I sold my candy business and decided to come back home, buy up the farms my forefathers had worked in the old thrifty days, and restore them.

"These valleys of eastern Pennsylvania have been great dairy centers for scores of years. I started a little chocolate factory. I

didn't know much about chocolate, but wanted to keep busy and employ some people.

"The thing just grew and became so big I had to change all my plans about retiring and devoting myself to agriculture. I learned about chocolate.

"Please, if you say anything about me, don't say I went to Swiss factories to learn chocolate making. I never was in a Swiss factory, and we Americans are so far ahead of them it is not fair."

We drove in silence—he was thinking.

"When a man gets very rich he either gets very selfish or his money worries him. He is afraid it will do harm, and he usually has been so busy getting it that he hasn't had time to figure what to do with it.

"It was natural for me to think of education and of orphans and boys whose mothers had hard times and wanted them to have the chance other boys had. About fifteen years ago I started the industrial school.

"I wanted to get away from the idea of institutions and charity and compulsion, and to give as many boys as possible real homes, real comforts, education, and training, so they would be useful and happy citizens," Mr. Hershey continued.

"It isn't worth much unless love is thrown in—any more than a boy's home with his own family is worth much without love. I wanted men and women who love children to care for and educate them. That was the rough plan; but I knew little about methods, and we had to experiment.

"FIFTEEN years ago we started, because I wanted to work out the problems so that when I am gone it will run right. We took orphans and boys whose fathers are dead, and employed people to care for and educate them, teach them religion, morality, civic duty, and train them for work in life. We took them between four and six years of age, so that they would remember no other home and think of this as their home. We tried to make it just as real a home as possible, and, to make them happy, gave them little responsibilities and duties.

"You see," he smiled mischievously, "I've learned things I never heard of when I went to school to my uncle. It seems I am more a follower of Froebel than any of the others. That was because I insisted that the children have plenty of time for play, indoors and out, and for games. I hadn't read Froebel, but we were on the same line of thought.

"In religion the same thing: we are nonsectarian, but insist upon religious instruction as a vital part of a boy's life. We have prayers, spoken in unison by the boys; Sunday school lessons, fitted to their needs and with nothing in them any creed could object to. On Sunday they go to their own churches, and no one dictates which they shall attend."

The kindergarten department, where twenty babies are happy, is on the side of a mountain at Harpers, thirteen miles from Hershey. The system used there is a combination of Froebel and Montessori—with the human element of love thrown in.

When these kindergartners are six years old they are taken from Harpers to one of the half dozen remodeled farm houses outside Hershey, which is their home until they are eighteen, unless the mothers want them back when they get in better financial circumstances and show that they are willing and able to give the boys as much as the school does.

When they are of high school age they are taken into the high school in Hershey, so that they may not be timid about mingling with others. And there is provision that boys who show special aptitude, and are of the college type, shall be sent to college.

When the boys are eighteen a job is found for them, they are given a complete outfit of clothing and one hundred dollars and sent into life. It costs from six hundred and forty dollars to eight hundred dollars a year for each boy.

"The most important thing," Mr. Hershey said as we escaped from a shouting, happy bunch of youngsters busy raiding cherry trees, "is to find what each boy likes and what he is best fitted for. Having them almost from babyhood, we can do that."

HE broke off as another group of youngsters rushed to greet him.

"Hello," he said, cheerily. "Here are some I haven't seen."

He did not introduce himself. He knows boys too well for that. He gets acquainted in boy fashion.

"Say, when are you fellows coming over to take dinner with me?" he demanded.

"O, any time, Mr. Hershey," they cried in chorus.

So the date was made, for every week Mr. Hershey has a special group over to his house to dinner. He does not feed them the food they have every day from the model kitchens, but all the delicious indigestibles boys like.

"I am against any system of patronage," he remarked as we drove to another house, passing through the wonderful amusement park he has built. The park has lakes, swimming pools, coasters, theater, restaurants, and overlooking it is one of the finest convention halls in the country, seating four thousand, for the people of the district to use.

"Americans resent it; they love independence and self-reliance. We help, of course, because it is as much our interest as it is theirs, and we want people happy and contented.

"Take this park, for example. We buy milk from about four thousand farmers for twenty miles around, and they have an interest, and make this the center of the district. People come from the surrounding towns and we have found it good.

"You understand," he said simply, as he showed me the big model school he built and the duplicate he is building, "that we serve the entire district. I built the trolley line down the valley so the workers could come and go. There are thirty-five hundred workers in our plants and only about twenty-five hundred people living in town. The schools are open to everyone and they come from eight miles around. We build the sewers and do the paving and lighting and water and such things, all of which saves taxes. We help when the workers want to build houses and run the store as nearly at cost as possible.

"Mayor?" he seemed surprised. "We don't have a mayor or a council. We escaped that evil. We are not an incorporated city. The company takes care of the town. The township provides a constable and if anyone should ever get unruly the State Police have barracks here. We do not have those troubles often. Happy and contented people do not commit crimes."

We went over to the house where Mr. Hershey was born and talked of changes in life and I learned a strange thing. This man, with his humble faith, is shocked and puzzled over the tendency of the times, and he has a strange misunderstanding. What worries him is that terrible crimes are done and vice flourishes. We argued for some time on the problem until it suddenly dawned upon my mind that he believes that everyone prays.

"O, yes, everyone prays," he assured me and appeared shocked when I told him that I doubted whether one in three modern boys or girls prays or is taught to pray.

"God answers all prayers—except, perhaps, when you pray for a good cook," he said humorously. "It is a big problem here. In ordinary communities the mothers teach the children morality, the church teaches them religion, the public provides their education, the government teaches them civic duties. Here we try to do all these things."

This kindly man gave me his whole day, visiting the place he built where the cornfields stood, wide avenues, beautiful homes, farms transformed into parks, farm houses made into real homes for poor boys who had none, great stores, forty-five acres of factories, a business covering the world. He had been away five months and enjoyed it, as a kid returning home.

He took keen interest in the new homes the Italian residents have built (many with his help), a model cottage district, and exchanged jokes with the Catholic priest. I marveled; Italians, Pennsylvania Dutch, Irish, Jews, Amish, Quakers, "Brethren"—a great mixture of creeds, religions, and races—and all one.

"If you write anything about me," he said simply, as we parted, "just write a common sense story and tell them what we are trying to do and what we hope to do."

I came away with the germ of socialism killed, and a new faith that, maybe, after all, rich men are all right and not a menace, and wishing I had a billion dollars to do good with.

Don't you? And could you do any better with it?

THE END

A popular pool in the amusement park at Hershey, the splendidly equipped playground of the people of the district.

Revealing the Pitfalls of Incompatible Ages, Different Social Positions, and Clashing Tastes Upon Which Marriages Come to Grief, and Suggesting How to Avoid Them

CUPID'S *Waste Basket*

Fourth of a Series of Essays on Love

By W. L. GEORGE

Picture by KEMP STARRETT

ONE cannot sum up a series entitled Essays on Love because the complicated emotion we simply call love is akin to woman, "variable as the shade by the light, quivering aspen made." Also side issues exist. Let us deal with a few of them.

For instance, while it is usual that a lover should be four or five years older than the girl he approaches, there are many cases where a girl marries a man fifteen or twenty years her senior, and a few cases where the man is considerably junior to the woman.

Public feeling is against both these alliances; it is generally held that the young husband will after a few years tire of his mature wife, and that the elderly husband will not be able to keep up with his young wife's natural vitality. Like all accepted ideas, this has a basis of truth, but only a basis.

In the first place, it is not true that women age quicker than do men. They may look older, but in fact they are not. Too many of them at forty are babies, loving the movies, crêpe de Chine, chocolates, while their husbands of equal age sit solemnly smoking over the stock market report. In the second place, too much importance is attached to age.

While I think it preferable that lovers should not be separated by many years, I cannot help seeing that the man who is attracted to an older woman may find happiness with her, because he may gain a mother as well as a wife. It may not sound exciting, but after being married a few years men attach great importance to punctual and well cooked meals, to abundant supplies of hot water, and to feminine interest in their essential babyishness.

LIKEWISE, the young girl of twenty, attracted by a man of forty, may find him lacking in enthusiasm for the latest revue, because it is too like the revue he saw a dozen years ago, but she, too, will benefit by a fatherly tolerance of her most irritating, youthful qualities. She will also find he understands her better than would a very young man, because she is probably not the first he has understood.

Much more serious are the differences of social position. In Europe they are of extreme importance, and in the United States, though the average American chooses to deny it, they also matter. It is no use pretending that three hundred years of English aristocracy, or three hundred years of plantation life in the South, can, without further inquiry, mate with the latest product of English or American profiteering circles. However, such unions are often a success, particularly when the person of lower extraction is seeking culture, and when the aristocrat is sick and disgusted with the effeteness of aristocracy.

But one condition is easier than the other. A woman who marries a man whose breeding is greatly inferior to hers will almost inevitably suffer abominably; she will blush for her lover or her husband; she will try to excuse him; worse still, she will try to improve him. Whether she succeeds or fails in improving him, he will come to hate her as a school mistress. That is because men evolve much less than do women in a new atmosphere.

While it is true that when an uneducated couple rise in fortune the man is always superior to the woman because he mixes in the world of affairs, a sudden translation into a superior atmosphere leaves the man almost where he came from and raises the woman very swiftly.

Marry your vulgar man into a highly bred family and ten years will see him almost as vulgar. Place your vulgar girl in a well bred family and within a few years her voice, her gestures, her clothes will generally have changed.

These cases are furnished by the dozen from the musical stage, most of which is recruited from the lower strata. Those who marry well make quite competent duchesses and carry millions with becoming modesty.

Then we come to difference of nationality. This is a serious problem now that we travel so much. Two hundred years ago it was uncommon to marry a foreigner; now these alliances are many and they produce complications. Here the test is much the same as that which affects breeding and culture. A woman living in a country foreign to her can marry a native of that country much more safely than a foreigner can marry a woman of the country he chooses to live in.

TO marry a foreign man means that one marries a person who will never adapt himself completely to the customs and especially the point of view of one's country. The man will no more adapt himself to a new country than to a new social level. Woman, on the other hand, can, as a rule, after a few years, make a good American, Italian, or Dane, as required by her husband, provided she lives in America, Italy, or Denmark. One reason is that in a man to be a foreigner is usually a taint, while in a woman it is often taken as a charm.

Another complication is represented by difference in wealth. In the case of women that does not apply, since it has been accepted at all times that a woman who owns only the clothes she stands in can, without sacrifice of dignity, marry a very rich man. That idea originates in the old slave situation of woman, which evolved into the idea of a gracious queen of song who gives more than millions can earn when she gives her sweet and unique self. It is a foolish idea, but it prevails, and we may dismiss it with the hope that all wives of rich men earn their wages.

The situation of a poor man who marries a rich girl is more difficult. He is called a fortune hunter; it occurs to no one that millions cannot buy the gift of his sweet and unique self. If he marries the lady he is looked upon as a poor creature and his friends wonder where he gets his pocket money. Thus, from a man's point of view, a girl's wealth is certainly an impediment.

He may also suffer as much discomfort from his wife as from public opinion. I don't want to be unkind about it, but a good woman who happens to possess many millions is still human. Thus, try as she may to look upon her money as her husband's, she cannot help feeling that those millions ought to buy her what she wants. Suppose what she wants is not what he wants? She may not use force, but she will feel injury. At the worst she will lose her temper and tell him that after all it is she who pays; at the best she will obey her husband and make him pay the price of her submission.

I DO not suggest that this money question should be taken too absolutely. A man who falls in love with a girl should not look upon her as a criminal because she happens to be rich; it is probably not her fault, and it might be excessive to demand that she should give away her fortune before he marries her. Still, it is a difficulty, and a difficulty made all the more painful by the evident fact that in this world it is better to be rich than poor.

A great many marriages fail because there is not enough money in the house. Money does not arouse love, but it does keep it up. Two people are more likely to remain in love if they own a big car than if they go in the omnibus. They get less tired, and so they quarrel less.

If we assume two persons are of suitable age, of similar social position, sufficiently well to do, they may yet be separated by the question of tastes. That seems to me vital.

A man and a woman can harbor most vio-

A woman who marries a man whose breeding is greatly inferior to hers will almost inevitably suffer abominably.

lent differences of opinion, but if they are to have a chance of happiness, they must share the same tastes.

This sounds like a platitude, but opinion and taste are so often confounded that I should like to make it clear as follows: A man and a woman can be perfectly happy if the woman is an embittered Republican and the man an extreme Socialist. An atheist and a devotee can be happy. But if a man enjoys golf and the woman poetry they will generally be wretched. Let them differ on politics, if both like politics, and survive, but let them not go each his own way to pleasure, for a difference of taste will separate them as much as a difference of opinion will unite them.

I suggested at the opening of this, the fourth article of the present series, that one cannot sum up about the variable emotions of love. Nor can one, but there is one generalization which one can make. We have in this series considered the nature of love, its origin, the tricks lovers unconsciously play to attract and retain beloved objects; we have said a little of the irritations of the engagement, and of the wicked fairies which preside over the attractions, but the fact remains that when two persons are passionately in love they may in the end break all rules successfully.

PASSIONATE love is not an absolute protection against the irritations of life, but since it lasts a certain time, a good many months and perhaps a few years, it can at least unite two persons so completely as to alter them. In other words, passionate love may create a new set of habits. It can give birth to new tastes, common tastes. It can illumine the joint lives until they have acquired common responsibilities, such as children, or a career.

Therefore, and perhaps this is evidence of a certain remorse in my mind regarding a series not entirely devoid of skepticism: let young lovers read what I say . . . and then forget all about it. For life is an affair of risks, and a hundred to one chance of happiness can never be converted into a certainty.

This is the fourth of a series of Essays on Love by Mr. George. The fifth and final article, which will appear soon, will be entitled True Love. It offers some new sidelights on the grand passion.

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If slowly saving Shubert's safe shaving soap savings slips saved shy sane Sherman Slaters Shaver's saving slaving sister Sadie sixty-six solid shining shillings slowly, should shy sane Sherman Slaters Shaver shave sooner so Sadie Shaver could save Shubert's safe shaving soap savings slips sooner?—Alan E. Post, 5858 Bartlett St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Chet said, "Yeth thir"; Seth says, "No, sir"; "Yeth thir, Theth," said Chet; "No, sir, Chet," says Seth; "Theth," says lisping Chet, "thayth yeth thir"—but Seth's sister says Seth said, "No, sir."—Mrs. A. M. Rolfnes, Apt. Nine, 1307 Yale Pl., Minneapolis, Minn.

Thin tinsmith Tim thinks Tillie's thin twin thinks Tim's twin thinner than Tillie's thin twin.—I. C. Reeves, 2 Bellevue Ave., Adams, Mass.

When wicked witches whisk switches, which witch whisks switch swiftest?—Mrs. George Miville, 2804 Broadway, Galveston, Tex.

Sick Susie's six soliloquies set Susie's sick sixth solicitous sister sobbing solicitously, so Susie's sixth sick solicitous sister sobbing solicitously set sick sister Susie soliloquizing sepulchrally.—Walter Eyles, 3775 Fourth St., San Diego, Cal.

Shrill shrieking shrapnel shells shatter shell-shocked soldiers' senses; shall shell-shocked soldiers sorely shaken, shuddering sharply, shrewdly seek shelter from shrill shrieking shrapnel shells?—Mrs. D. D. Scanlan, 5952 W. Lake St., Chicago.

Schnell Sheller shall sell sea shells to shell sellers. The sea shells Schnell Sheller shall sell to the shell sellers are the sea shells the shell sellers sell Schnell Sheller.—E. J. Guillory, Diamond Music Company, 341 Baronne St., New Orleans, La.

Surly shrewd short Samuel Shirley sawed swiftly six small slender slick saplings; six slim slender sleek slick saplings surly Sammy Shirley sawed.—H. Omer Bennett, Post Office Box 446, Lebanon, Ore.

Both boats brought broad boards. Ross boarded both boats bought broad boards both boats brought.—Mrs. Rose Brown, 737 Southam Blvd., New York City.

Skipper Shipper's ship, Silver Skate, sank so Skipper Shipper shipped on Skipper Shanks' ship, Shiny Sue, Skipper Shipper's sunk ship's sister ship.—H. T. Shannahan, 17 New Scotland Ave., Albany, N. Y.

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Now her locks are bobbed chic,
And her neck's shaven sleek—
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Write a line to end the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. (You don't have to use the form printed herewith unless you want to. You can copy the first four lines, and add the last one, on a separate sheet of paper.)

If you show you like to write Limericks, we'll probably raise the ante. And meanwhile there's

$1,000 More for Tongue Twisters Next Week!

AUTUMN DESIGNS FOR HOME SEWING

By PATRICIA

WITH the shops taking on a new aspect with the changing seasons, it is no wonder we feel a yearning for new toggery. One has more heart for sewing now that the days are becoming cooler.

A smart street dress is the first requirement of the well dressed woman's wardrobe. Style No. 2122 will appeal to many because of its smart simplicity and beauty of line. It is of the popular and comfortable slip-on type. Inverted plaits lend fullness to the skirt. You can make this dress with the long, tight sleeves (illustrated), but short sleeves are also provided for in the pattern. You can obtain this pattern in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The 36 inch size, with long sleeves, will require 3⅝ yards of material 40 inches wide.

The coat dress for the fall season predominates for early street and daytime occasions. No. 2162 would be smart developed in bengaline, one of the new fabrics, or plaided woolens. The pattern for this style can be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. In the medium size 3⅝ yards of 40 inch material, with one yard of 18 inch contrasting, are required. The embroidery is included in our hot-iron transfer pattern, No. 727, which comes in blue and yellow and costs fifteen cents extra.

For the little daughter no more practical costume could be selected than the middy dress, No. 2174. The skirt would be smart made in a Scotch plaid woolen material. The pattern for No. 2174 is cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. In the 8 year size shown, 1⅜ yards of 36 inch white material, with ⅜ yard of 24 inch contrasting and one yard of 36 inch plaid material, are required.

A new apron will brighten fall housecleaning drudgery. No. 2178, made in cretonne, percale, or gingham, cuts in one size and requires 1⅝ yards of 36 inch material, with 7½ yards of binding.

We haven't forgotten the little man of the family! He's going to have a new suit, too. No. 1164 is made with a sailor waist and straight trousers. You can obtain a pattern for this suit in sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. For the 4 year size 1⅛ yards of 36 inch material, with one yard of 36 inch for the trousers and 3¾ yards of braid, are required.

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NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

STYLES SHOW DIRECTOIRE SWAY by Corinne Lowe

At the left, an afternoon frock of rose color chiffon velvet with matching chiffon sleeves employs chinchilla, silver embroidery, and silver ribbon. Next a coat frock of green cloth encircled with matching braid and trimmed with mink suggests, in connection with the telescope crown hat, the sway of the Directoire era. Third, a Directoire poke in black panne is associated with a vest coat of black velvet combined with gold brocade and trimmed with ermine. Last, a tailleur in rust color topped by the new Spanish sailor.

IF you say "Directoire" to the average woman, her nerves are apt to be shaken. Immediately she pictures portraits of the Empress Josephine, and she shrinks away from any thought of herself clad in the high-waisted gown associated with those portraits.

When, therefore, one announces that the Directoire has had a very decided influence upon early autumn fashions, one must break the news gently. One must add swiftly that all the rattlers have been removed from Directoire fashions and that the mode today is as harmless as it is decorative.

To begin with, the autumn designer has sought inspiration not so much in the belle of the early Nineteenth Century as in the dandy of that same epoch. *L'Incroyable,* as he was known, wore a very high crowned hat which

was shared with the woman of that period. His coat, with its soaring collar, its large revers, and its short double breasted front, descended in two spikes in the back.

An indication of the extent to which present day fashions have yielded themselves to the Directoire sway is found in the green coat frock pictured here. Behold in this the inevitable revers and the effect of the high waist line produced by a band of matching braid which echoes the trimming of the skirt.

As to the high crowned hat of hatter's plush worn by this figure, in this we see a most convincing argument for the strength of the Directoire influence. Its height, too, is often emphasized by some touch of trimming, placed, as in this model, high in front.

Another autumn mode stresses the Napoleonic off the face type so often chosen by *L'Incroyable.* Still another revives the poke bonnet which framed the face of the early Nineteenth Century belle. I am showing one of these bonnets with an afternoon coat in black velvet combined with gold brocade and trimmed with ermine.

This coat has nothing to do with Directoire fashions. The vest coat, as it is named, was first launched last summer by a famous French creator, and since then it has worn a deep channel in the mode.

That the skirt has not much more chance for display is a fact brought about by the many tunics and exaggeratedly long jackets with which the autumn supplies us. The coat, which reaches within a few inches of the skirt hem is illustrated by an adaptation of an O'Rossen *tailleur* in rust color cloth. This is accompanied by one of the new Spanish sailors—this in black hatter's plush.

Chiffon velvet is one of the dominant fabrics of the autumn. An afternoon frock in a rose tint of this material shown here incorporates peasant sleeves of matching chiffon, and its bands of gray chinchilla are abetted by touches of silver embroidery.

CONFESSIONS *of a* SHYSTER

How a lawyer, a lady's maid, a seeress, and a flaming youth joined forces in a bold play for an old woman's wealth.

By ONE WHO WAS DISBARRED

Picture by HAROLD T. DENISON

She would have youth, a magnificent youth, as her consort, but to find one trustworthy and not an utter fortune hunter was a matter of concern.

This is the third installment of a remarkable exposé of shyster methods in the lower strata of the legal profession. In foregoing installments the author has told how he succumbed, under the pressure of poverty and the deadly slavishness of the law office, to the lure of easy money; and how he was tutored in questionable practices by his unscrupulous partner, an evil genius who eventually absconded with some of his pupil's own money. He has described the sinister retinue of the shyster's office, blackmailers, and the social parasites whose de luxe "gold digging" swells the stream of facile dollars. And, in this installment, he continues his revelations with the story of a daring excursion into the lucrative field of romance.

DID I mention our alliance with fortune tellers? I recall a young French woman—Antoinette—who was our decoy in one of the most successful of our raids upon the private fortunes of susceptible women. Antoinette was not a seeress; she was a lady's maid and was out for all that there was in it.

Her victim on the occasion of which I write was an elderly woman who had divorced two husbands to her own great financial advantage—a gay old lady who lived to patronize the best and most dazzling cafés and restaurants. She was the patroness of all those who introduced or tried to introduce new fads. Let an unknown dancer appear in New York and the old lady was pretty sure to be eager to entertain him or her and see to it that the dancer got the desired opportunity to dance in a prominent café. She was forever seeking the friendship of the famous and even the notorious. Young actors and actresses found in her a warm friend—for a while. However, she was fickle.

She longed to marry again, but was shrewd enough to understand that almost all the men of the youthfulness she craved would marry her for her money only. To Antoinette, her maid, she confided her longings and fears. She would have a youth, a magnificent youth, as her consort, but to find one trustworthy and not an utter fortune hunter was a matter of some concern. Thus torn between desire and apprehension, the old lady hustled hither and yon, seeking entertainment and thriving upon the flattery of her ever increasing train of hangers on.

Antoinette was most circumspect. She consulted me twice and I assured her that nothing was to be gained by haste. But one morning Antoinette's mistress opened the way for her.

"I have had a dozen proposals," simpered the old woman. "I'd like to be sure I wouldn't be making a mistake if I married——"

She mentioned the name of a young actor upon whose ability to star in a couple of poor plays, written by himself, she had ventured a considerable sum of money. That he was hardly worth starring was shown by his complete disappearance from the stage after the old lady had withdrawn her patronage.

"Has Madame ever consulted a seeress?" inquired Antoinette.

Madame had not. Antoinette proceeded to explain that so many of the fortune tellers were really fortune hunters and quite unreliable.

"But there is one," said Antoinette, "who is excellent and with real occult talent. I myself have consulted her with excellent result. She is French—she is most remarkable."

AND then Antoinette proceeded to give her mistress examples of the wizardry of this French woman. The result was that, two weeks later, Madame had a private interview with a woman who was neither French nor a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Ask Me

For my youth cream

By Edna Wallace Hopper

Edna Wallace Hopper
Photo 1923

I want girls to know that by fostering beauty I made myself the rage. I gained a glorious career.

I want women to know that, at a grandmother's age, I keep that beauty still. The thousands who see me daily on the stage know that I look 19.

Edna Wallace Hopper
Photo 1923

I did this by scientific methods. I searched the world for the best beauty helps in existence and all my life I have kept informed of every new discovery.

Now I am placing all those helps at every woman's call.

One is my Youth Cream. It embodies products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best that science knows to foster and protect the skin. There are 11 ingredients.

I use it after my Clay. Also as a night cream. Also daytimes as a powder base. Never is my skin without it. I have never known a cream to bring comparable results. Nor have you, I think.

Edna Wallace Hopper
Photo 1923

My Youth Cream comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. Get which you like best, for they are essentially alike. The cost is 60 cents.

All druggists and toilet counters now supply Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty helps—the very ones I use. One is this Youth Cream. One is Facial Youth—my famous liquid cleanser. One is my White Youth Clay. One is my Hair Youth, to which I owe hair that millions envy.

I'll mail a sample of my Youth Cream if you send this coupon.

Trial Tube Free

Edna Wallace Hopper 840L
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.
I want to try Youth Cream.

.....

.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

seeress. Nevertheless, she was a clever woman. I had seen to that. The woman called at Madame's house as arranged and, having been well supplied by Antoinette and myself with facts about Madame's past and her troubles, she proceeded to astound the foolish old woman.

"Madame will marry, but not any man she now knows," prophesied the seeress. "She will meet a man who, not knowing it, seeks her. Fate draws him to Madame's house, but not into her house. He passes her house and shall continue to pass frequently. He knows not for whom he is seeking. He finds it pleasant to walk of the afternoons along Madame's street, yet he knows not why.

"He is youthful, he is strong, he is tall and splendid. He is a man of some means and not, as are some who would marry Madame, a fortune hunter. He is a lover of animals, and I see with him a great hound on a leash. He dresses superbly. One day he will see Madame and bow to her, but before that Madame will recognize him and await with impatience his sign of recognition."

I had seen to it that for several days before Madame was told her fate that this magnificent piece of masculinity was parading the street in front of Madame's residence. He was handsome. He would have made any woman look several times. Madame saw him a day or so later, and at once recognized the man of the seeress' dream. She almost collapsed, so great was her excitement.

"See, Antoinette," whispered Madame, "that is he, I am sure."

"It is impossible that it could be another," agreed Antoinette.

A week later the come-on Apollo bowed to Madame. The wedding was celebrated ten days later. Fast work? O, not so very. I've heard of much stranger things. However, this is where I made my entrance into Madame's life.

MADAME'S young husband, posing as an independently wealthy young aristocrat with no business affairs to distract him, told her that he was so utterly ignorant of business affairs as to be unable to answer her simplest questions regarding investments.

However, he knew of a lawyer who was little short of a miracle worker, who had taken his fortune at its ebb and had so invested his money that today he was quite independent. As a matter of fact, I was paying him fifty dollars a week for being handsome and doing what he was told.

Our scheme was obvious enough, as such plots are when shorn of all their mystery. Moreover, it was ancient then, but workable as it is today. I was to advise Madame to sell certain good securities and invest in bad ones. Not that I worded my advice in precisely that manner. I told her of a new mining stock which would yield her ten or twelve times the income she derived from the investments she had, and then enjoy the fruits of the collapse of the mining venture.

Simple? Yes, but we made the great common mistake of assaying Madame at greater foolishness than she possessed. Romantic she was and silly, but beneath all that there was a foundation of caution which we had not taken into consideration. She consulted her banker before selling her safe and sane bonds.

She came away from that banker's office pretty sane. The first I knew of it was when she sent for me to see her at her house. And there I indulged in a remarkable interview. My Apollo, who had become her husband, sat at her side as she talked to me. The poor fish! He didn't have courage enough to contest the right of way with a rabbit.

"Are you sure that you weren't misled when you were told that this mining venture was not only safe, but certain to produce in large figures?" she asked me.

"I can only rely upon the word of the engineers, who are men of great experience and high reputation," I replied.

"You do not seem to be so enthusiastic about it today," she said.

"I can say only this, Madame. If you do not care to invest that is your affair. You asked my advice and I gave it to you."

HER manner had warned me to hedge a trifle, and I was doing so. I wasn't sure of my ground.

"Well, my banker tells me that he is unable to learn anything that would justify him in putting one penny into this stock," Madame said. "He said it was amazing that any lawyer should suggest such a move."

"That has been said of numerous stocks which have made many bankers look silly by exceeding even the glowing hopes of the promoters, Madame. I cannot be held responsible for the ultra-conservative views of your banker."

I arose to go. Madame detained me.

"I am exceedingly obliged to you, however," she said. "You have taught me several things, most of them being things to avoid. Perhaps none more valuable than that my husband is a gullible young man and that his business judgment is not to be taken seriously."

Her husband came to my office a few days later. It does not seem possible that any man could have looked more defeated.

"None of that stuff," he growled when I began sneering at him for being a blundering fool. "You may be disappointed, but that's nothing to my position. The banker must have said some terrible things to her. She hasn't been the same since. Do you know what she's done?"

"Begun feeding you from the bottle!" I jeered.

"She has decided that I ought to get a job in some bank and learn finance in order that I might help her look after her affairs," he moaned. "In fact, she spoke to her banker about it, and he has half agreed to take me on. And that's not half of it. He wants to pay me twelve dollars a week. The old woman says that I won't need any more than that because it doesn't cost me anything to live as her husband."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" I asked, laughing at the poor thing.

"That's what I came to you to talk about. Look here, you got me into this mess, and it's up to you to get me out. You're a damned scoundrel, that's what you are. I've a great mind to tell the old woman all about it."

"Do that," I replied. "Do that and see what happens to you. Do you suppose I went into this thing blind? If you get fresh about this thing you'll be lucky to go to jail. Going to jail will be the easiest thing facing you. Don't you suppose that I've got all that fixed, you fool?"

OF course, a great deal of that was bluff. The truth is that I was getting a trifle scared, but fortunately for me I was dealing with a weakling.

"Well, I'm not going to stand for this old woman's plans," he lamented. "There's no use being sore. Tell me what I ought to do."

"I don't give a darn what you do," I told him. "Get out and stay out. Get out as far as you can."

He took my advice literally. The last I heard of him was that he was in San Francisco. He never came back to his elderly bride. She divorced him after a year.

The First Chapters of

Twenty Years on Broadway,

the life story of George M. Cohan, *written by himself*, will appear in the next issue of Liberty.

Better tell your newsdealer to reserve a copy for you. The issue will not last long on the stands.

How the lady acrobat "does her stuff" and helps the ambulance chaser is described by the shyster in another installment soon to appear in Liberty.

PANSI of the Sparkling Slang Comes Home to "Page the Cows." And in Walnut City, the "Snail's Speedometer," Meets Neighbor Tom and the Local Sheik

A LITTLE BIT of BROADWAY

A Serial by

RICHARD CONNELL

Pictures by ROBERT G. JONES

"I know it's silly of me," sobbed Pansi, "but you're the first man that ever treated me like a lady."

WHAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR IN THE STORY.

PANSI DE LANOY (born Annie Delaney) dances on marvelous legs in a Broadway show. For all her snappy jargon, she is sentimental and romantic, and scornful of the men who patronize show-girls, although she loves Broadway and all it means.

GOLDIE GOULD (born Lena Kraus) is her chum. Pansi, on her $40 week, cannot buy such flossy clothes as Goldie, but—

BENNIE ZIMMER is a generous friend to Goldie, and through him Pansi meets

MARTY HESS who is in the human hair business—the kind of man who knows head waiters by their first names. While at a roof garden, he makes bold offers to provide Pansi with "anything she wants." Among the things she doesn't want is the kiss he forcibly bestows on her, and in exchange she gives him an effective kick in the shins. She leaves him and at home finds a quaint letter from

MRS. DELANEY, Pansi's mother in Walnut City, Iowa, who writes that a cow has kicked her. As Pansi goes to sleep, she says to herself, "I wonder what they think about chorus girls out there!"

"MA! Oooohooo, Ma!" Pansi DeLanoy, on the porch of her mother's small white farm house one mile from Main Street, Walnut City, Iowa, was calling through the screened window.

"What is it, Annie?" her mother's cheerful voice filtered back through the screen. The neighbors had noticed that Mrs. Delaney's condition had shown signs of a surprising improvement since her daughter had come there two weeks before. She was still kept in bed, however, by her injury.

"I've finished paging the cows," Pansi called back. "What's next on the cue sheet?"

"Have you fed the chickens?"

"Yes, I put the feed bags on the silly things."

"O, Annie, you didn't try to put feed bags on the chickens?" Her mother's voice was horrified. "Feed bags are for horses."

"O, that's just another way of saying I fed 'em. We never say a thing the easiest way along Broadway."

"Still thinking about Broadway, Annie?"

"Of course I am. Is there anything in this place to make me forget it?"

"I'm sorry you're having such a poor time out here, Annie."

"Did I say I was having a poor time with you, old dear?" Pansi returned, promptly. . . . . "Why, I think the country is a wow. I love the flowers and the trees, and I eat like a trained seal out here and sleep like a cop on a quiet beat. I'm as happy as a Greek with a new restaurant. But, still and all, it isn't Broadway, and you can hardly blame a girl for missing what she's used to."

"I'm not blaming you, dear," said Mrs. Delaney. "I know you must find it kind of quiet here."

"Yes, Walnut City's the snail's speedometer, all right," replied Pansi.

"I wish there was something I could do to give you a better time," sighed Mrs. Delaney. "What is it you miss most, Annie?"

"I was just wondering," said Pansi. "It isn't any one thing, I guess. It's the feeling of the whole place I miss—the gang, the shop talk, the wise cracks, the hustle—all rolled into one thing. It isn't anything you could put your hand on or put in a paper bag. Broadway is—well, it's just Broadway."

"Come in here a minute, Annie," said her mother.

PANSI came dancing into the low ceilinged, old fashioned sitting room where her mother had lain since the accident.

"Enter Miss DeLanoy, left upper entrance, bearing spear," she announced, then cried, "O, ma, why didn't you tell me you had a visitor? I thought you were doing a single."

"This isn't a visitor," her mother replied. "This is our neighbor, Tom Corbin. This is

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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$18.50

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

my daughter, Annie, Tom; the one that's on the stage, you know. Look, Annie, what lovely flowers Tom brought me from his own garden. He used to bring me some every day before you came, and do my chores for me, too. I don't know how I'd have gotten along without him."

All Pansi DeLanoy saw at first was a pair of work-worn overalls and a blue denim jumper which raised themselves out of a rocking chair and filled the room with their vastness. Then the tall, young, brown-faced man, who filled the overalls and jumper to capacity, struck his head against the hanging oil lamp and sat down again abruptly.

"O, I hope you didn't hurt yourself!" cried Pansi.

The red of embarrassment stained the coffee brown of his cheeks.

"I'm always hitting my head against lamps," he said, "or something. Like a calf, I guess. Got too much arms and legs to manage."

Pansi held out a small, white hand to him.

"Ma's been telling me what a square egg you've been," she said. "I want to hand you a rising vote of thanks on behalf of myself, the Shuberts and the entire cast."

The young man looked at her as if she had addressed him in Chinese or some equally baffling language. He took her proffered hand in one brown as a roast duck and roughened by work with plough and pitchfork, gave her hand a frightened pump, and dropped it as if she had been concealing a hornet in her palm.

Pansi smiled at him, and picked up the bouquet, as big as a parasol, which he had brought. She buried her small face in the flowers.

"Ummmmm," she exclaimed, rapturously, "Aren't these the humming bird's pajamas!"

"They're sweet peas and zinnias and marigolds," he said.

"What colors!" cried Pansi. "Like some folks' idea of Heaven! They don't grow 'em like this along Broadway. What is the name of these yellow ones, dearie?"

YOUNG Mr. Corbin gulped, looked alarmed, and glanced at the window as if he meditated a dive through it in case his blush set fire to his overalls. For it was quite clear that the "dearie" was addressed not to Mrs. Delaney, but to him.

"Why — er — those — O, yes — those—those are the zinnias," he stammered. Then he stood up suddenly, missing the lamp by a fraction of an inch; he appeared to have recollected, at that instant, some pressing engagement.

"Got to go, folks," he said. Then, as if this announcement called for some justification, "Got to take a bath."

He stopped, struck dumb by the realization that in his confusion he had let slip a monstrous indelicacy in the presence of a young and most decidedly pretty member of the opposite sex.

"O," laughed Pansi, "is that how the boys out here pass their evenings? Well, don't get soap in your eyes."

His departure from the room was very much like a flight. He reached the porch only after a minor collision with a what-not cabinet. Pansi followed him, and by the light of the Iowa sunset appraised him with nimble eyes.

"His hair would be nice if he had a hair cut," was her first thought. "And he has boyish eyes. But he's a man, and they're all Marty Hesses at heart."

Tom Corbin's impression of Pansi was doubtless not so distinct, inasmuch as he did not look directly at her but past her, over her five feet one inch, at the setting sun. That sunset seemed to fascinate him; it was almost as if he had lived underground all his life and was now, for the first time, witnessing that phenomenon.

"Well, I got to run along," he announced, but he did not do so; he merely dangled one foot, in its rough work shoe, off the porch, and continued his microscopic scrutiny of the waning sun.

"Are you afraid the tub will run over, papa?" laughed Pansi. He looked at her with wide open eyes as if he were an Eskimo seeing his first airplane.

"DO you mind if I call you 'papa'?" she asked. He blushed again at her clairvoyance. "You see," added Pansi, "you simply got to call a man something."

"But I haven't any children," replied Tom Corbin, gravely. "I'm not even married. I'm only twenty-five."

"What, you not married? I should think that a big, strong fellow like you would have to fight to keep the girls from parking their galoshes on your front porch."

"Guess I've been too busy with the farm to think much about girls," Tom responded, in that grave way of his. "I'm afraid they think I'm sort of slow."

Pansi laughed.

"I hear they're going to spring an ankle tournament down at the Grange Hall tonight," she remarked.

"I'm afraid I don't understand," he said, applying his close attention to the sunset again. "You see I never have been to a big city, and I never before talked to an actress."

"Ma said something about a dance," said Pansi.

"O, yes," said Tom. "Now that you speak of it, there is going to be a dance down at the Grange Hall tonight."

"Ah," Pansi exclaimed gayly, "that explains the bath."

Tom colored again. No girl in Walnut City would have said a thing like that.

"I wish," remarked the strange young woman, "I was going."

Tom Corbin cleared his throat as if he were about to deliver himself of some important speech, but the words, whatever they were, appeared to catch on something and hang there, for they did not materialize. Pansi regarded him curiously.

"You're the oddest act I ever saw on any stage," she observed. "I drop a hint as broad as Fifth Avenue, and you just let it lay."

Tom turned from the sun to look down at her, shyly, for a fleeting moment.

"Do you mean you'd go with me?" he blurted.

"Well, I was sort of gently leading up to that," said Pansi.

"O, I wish you would."

She laughed at his burst of earnestness.

"OF course," Pansi told him, "I don't want to crash in on your party. Probably you're all dated up with the village belle."

"O, no. No, I'm not. Not at all."

"You're not standing up some sweetie on my account?"

"No. No, I'm not. I haven't got a girl."

"Yeah? Now *I'll* tell one!"

"I haven't! Honest I haven't, Miss Delaney. I never had one. You are the first girl I ever asked to a dance."

Pansi made an unbelieving sound.

"Old stuff, papa," she said. "Whiskers all over it. Anyhow, you didn't ask me."

"Well," said Tom Corbin, "that is what I came over to do."

He had gotten up momentum.

"I'll be round for you at eight," he said. She saw his broad, blue shoulders disappear under the arch of honeysuckle over the front gate.

INTO the house, slowly, went Pansi DeLanoy.

"Ma!"

"Yes, Pansi."

"Your little friend Tommie is not so awful hard to look at," said Pansi, as she began to rummage her suitcase for her lone evening dress, "but he ought to get someone to write him a new act. His old one is worn thin."

"I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about, Pansi," said her mother.

"I mean that bashful stuff is so old it creaks at the joints. That unkissed ingenue line may knock 'em off their seats in Walnut City, but it would get the hand painted raspberries where I come from. I tried to whisper in his ear that it was small time stuff and I was on

to it, but he kept on pulling it. A girl might get away with that innocent baby-stare business, but not a full-sized man like Thomas. Just toss him a hint he's wasting his time, will you, ma ? Tell him I know as much about men as if I'd invented them."

"It's hard to follow you, sometimes, Pansi," Mrs. Delaney said, "but I guess I see what you're driving at. But you're wrong. Tom Corbin is a good boy."

"Yeah ? So was Judas, to hear his mother tell it. Tom may fool the sunbonnets around here, but he can't fool me. Men are men, no matter what their make-up is. I'm man-wise, old dear, and you can carve that in your sombrero."

She had slipped her lithe young self into a thin pale green evening gown that was simple with a crafty simplicity.

"Pansi ! You aren't going to wear those green stockings, are you?"

"Sure."

"But they're full of holes."

"O, ma, don't you read the style books ? That's openwork — the latest scream from Paris."

"They'll make the folks stare," predicted Mrs. Delaney.

"What do you suppose I paid six berries for them for ?" demanded Pansi.

TOM came for her at the stroke of eight in his car, which was quite unlike Mr. Hess' smart yellow roadster, inasmuch as during the day it served as a light truck about the Corbin farm.

It struck Pansi at once that Tom Corbin, dressed for an evening of revelry, looked rather more rural than Tom Corbin dressed for work in his fields. That black suit, she surmised, had been bought for a funeral of no recent date. It was tight where it should have been loose, and loose where it should have been tight.

Likewise the trousers were innocent of any recent acquaintance with a tailor's goose. If the collar Tom wore had ever been in style, it had not been in Pansi's lifetime, she decided. She yearned to get her fingers on the plain blue necktie he wore that she might make it look more like a butterfly and less like a moth that has come too close to the flame. He was washed and soaped till he shone like a new automobile. When he saw Pansi standing there in the doorway, bright-eyed in her gown of green, he caught his breath.

"Well, how do I look?" asked Pansi.

"That's a mighty pretty dress," replied Tom Corbin, beginning to crank the car, "but aren't you afraid you'll catch cold?"

Pansi pouted.

"You might at least say that I win the flannel roller skates," she said.

Tom looked up from his bout with the crank, straight at her.

"I think you look beautiful," he said. Perhaps it was that noose of a collar that made his face so red; perhaps it was the exertion of cranking.

"I just know I'm going to enjoy myself tonight," remarked Pansi DeLanoy. She appeared to be addressing herself.

The Grange Hall, where the youth and beauty of Walnut City and the outlying farms had gathered to hold high carnival, had been a barn, and it was in no position to deny its past. The rough hewn rafters were still visible, despite the fact that an attempt had been made to bandage them with crestfallen red, white, and blue bunting. Young gentlemen of the committee in charge, with that important air that members of committees always have, were sprinkling bran on the floor in lieu of floor wax.

"I'll bet you're the sheik around here," said Pansi. "All you actresses is kidders, ain't you?" observed Mr. Terwilliger.

Still other committeemen tasted, critically, the lemonade contained in a receptacle which had been a butter tub before it had been promoted to be a punch bowl. In one corner, the musicians, with a languid professional air, tuned their instruments, a piano, a fiddle, a drum, and a cornet. Presently they started to play with a spirit which nearly atoned for the fact that they were learning to play at a correspondence school and hadn't quite finished their course.

Around the hall on benches sat the young ladies, a little constrained, a little nervous, a little damp about the brow, arrayed in their gay colored dimities, discreetly cut at the neck. About them hovered the young men, a little conscious of their slicked hair, their best clothes, and their etiquette. From time to time some wit among them tossed off an epigram which set free a gale of giggles.

When Pansi entered the hall a sudden silence fell upon the coiners of epigrams and the fair gigglers. Pansi wished she had taken her mother's advice and had not used quite so much bought complexion. She was conscious of the fact that the girls were nudging each other and that the young men were not unaware of her open work stockings.

Tom Corbin introduced Pansi to a number of the young ladies and their escorts. The young ladies were stiffly civil; but the young gentlemen were enthusiastic. Pansi had received and placed on file a dozen applications for a dance, some diffident, some swaggering, before she had been in the hall ten minutes. Still, she wished that the girls would not look at her the way they did. They were such a nice looking lot of girls, she thought, simple, wholesome, and, in their naïve, home-sewn dresses, pretty in a quiet way.

PANSI had expected to dazzle them with her superior smartness, her superior worldliness; that she had dazzled them, was dazzling them, she could see; and yet as the evening passed she began to extract less pleasure from that fact than she had thought to.

Tom Corbin did his unpracticed best to give her a good time. He brought her more lemonade than two girls could possibly drink; when the ice cream was served at eleven o'clock he was first in line to get her some. He fanned her, too; but she had to suggest this.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

He told her about his farm and of his struggle to make it pay, and how, at last, it was doing well. She listened, with a puzzled mind. He spoke to her with such deference and called her "Miss Delaney."

"I wonder what his game is?" thought Pansi DeLanoy.

"I'm not on to these new fangled dances. All I know is the old fashioned waltz and two-step," Tom admitted.

They were waltzing.

"You hold me as if you were afraid I'd break," remarked Pansi.

From Tom's face she could tell that she had hit the mark.

"I'll bet you think girls live on lettuce and lady fingers," said Pansi. His glance at her was almost frightened, as if he suspected her of uncanny psychic powers.

NOT all the young men present were as much behind the times in matters terpsichorean and sartorial as Tom Corbin. There was Roy Terwilliger, for example. He was a lanky young man who ran to elbows and Adam's apple, and had a face which suggested possibilities of an equine ancestry. But he had sent to Kansas City for the latest sport model suit, and he had an assurance and a wink that bespoke an easy familiarity with worldly matters.

When he was presented to Pansi DeLanoy he said: "Tickled pink," and winked.

"I'll bet you're the sheik around here," said Pansi.

"All you actresses is kidders, ain't you?" observed Mr. Terwilliger. His manner plainly implied he spoke from a rich and varied experience with ladies of the stage.

"I suppose," said Pansi, "you know lots and lots of actresses?"

He favored her with a wink fraught with mystery and meaning.

"I wouldn't tell this to the slow pokes around here," he said, guardedly, "but every time I go to Des Moines I take in a burlesque show."

"I'll bet you give the girls a treat," Pansi replied, with entire sincerity. Mr. Terwilliger winked.

"They're no flies on me," he assured her. "Let's go outside. I heard a new story last time I was in Des Moines. A drummer told me——"

"I know all the drummer stories in the world," replied Pansi. "We'll skip the story. But I'll go out for a minute. It's getting close in here."

"You said it, sister," remarked Mr. Terwilliger, with an absolutely devastating wink. Pansi thought of Marty Hess. She heard Marty saying, "The only difference between men is that some have badger hair cuts." She glanced at the back of Mr. Terwilliger's head; the sleek yellow hair halted abruptly just north of an expanse of freckled neck, shaved to the quick.

"Wish I'd brought my flask," said Mr. Terwilliger when they were outside. "'Course I know where I can get all the stuff I want."

"I'll bet you do," said Pansi. "I'll bet you knew all the bartenders by their first names."

He gave her a wink of unadulterated delight, the wink of one kindred soul to another.

"You said a dishful that time," he said. She thought of Marty Hess.

"I knew the minute I laid eyes on you," Pansi declared, "that you were a one o'clock fellow in a ten o'clock town."

"Honest? Did you?"

"Yes; I guess maybe it was the way you butter your hair just like they do along Broadway."

"I use the same stuff as Valentino," he said.

"There!" Pansi exclaimed. "Now I know who you made me think of!"

He flicked the ash from his cigaret with a gesture that came straight from Hollywood. He lowered his voice.

"Say, sister," said Mr. Terwilliger, "I got my side car out here. How about a little spin?"

"And leave Mr. Corbin?"

"Aw, forget him," said Mr. Terwilliger, with a derogatory gesture. "He ain't interested in girls—especially your kind."

"My kind? What do you mean?" Pansi demanded with a frown.

"O, you know," said Terwilliger. "A wise bimbo with city ways. Tom's slow. His idea of a big time is to go off camping somewhere. And his idea of a girl is a corn-fed one who sings in the choir and makes a good cherry pie.

"TOM'S a natural born hick. I've actually heard him say he'd rather stay out here and clear three or four thousand a year raising corn than make three times as much in New York."

"Perhaps he's sowed his wild oats," said Pansi.

Mr. Terwilliger laughed scornfully.

"The only oats Tom Corbin ever sowed were tame ones," he said. "Are you coming for that spin?"

"Some other time," replied Pansi. "Maybe."

"Aw, be a sport," urged Mr. Terwilliger. He caught her by the elbow. She could not pull it away.

"Come on, kid," he said, and tried to pull her to him.

"Let me go, you big boob," said Pansi struggling. "Here comes somebody."

Reluctantly he released her, just as Tom Corbin strode up to them. Tom's manner was even more quiet than usual, and his voice was not raised as he said:

"Has Roy been annoying you, Miss Delaney?"

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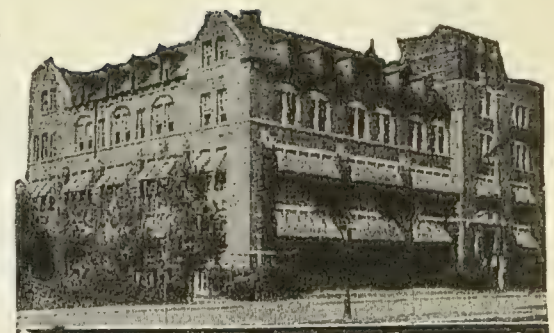

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

"O, no," answered Pansi. "Just amusing me."

"He has been getting fresh," said Tom. "I know Roy."

PANSI had the impression in the moonlight that Tom Corbin's face was not as boyish as she had remembered it. Tom turned to the lanky young man who used the same hair control as Valentino.

"You'd better go home now, Roy," was all Tom Corbin said.

"Well, if it ain't old Tommie," drawled Roy, with a great show of cordiality.

"You heard what I said, Roy." Tom was not in the least cordial.

"Well, I'm not going," said Roy Terwilliger; the intimate of bartenders made a not entirely successful attempt to sound hard and dangerous.

Tom Corbin took a stride toward him. He looked very intently into the face of Mr. Terwilliger.

"You've been annoying Miss Delaney," said Tom Corbin, "and you are going home. Are you going quietly?"

"I——" began Mr. Terwilliger. He saw Tom's knotted hands and set jaw.

There was a sound in the quiet country night. It was a noise like pistol shots, but it was nothing so lethal. It was the noise of a starting motorcycle, with side car attached.

"Perhaps we'd better go home, now," said Tom Corbin to Pansi. "I'm sorry I didn't warn you about Roy, Miss Delaney. He isn't really bad, but he thinks he is, and that makes him a nuisance sometimes. Don't worry. He won't bother you again."

"I could see that," said Pansi. "You certainly threw a tall scare into him. I wish I knew how to make a man beat it like that. How do you do it?"

"I guess the folks know I mean what I say," said Tom Corbin. "I'm awful sorry this happened. It must have upset you. Girls always think that all men are decent and honest. I hate to have to admit it, Miss Delaney, but it isn't so. Don't look so shocked."

"Did I look shocked?" asked Pansi.

"I thought you did," Tom answered. "Guess it must be a shock to a girl to find out that there are a good many men she can't trust. O, not all men, of course. Most fellows are pretty square. But there are quite a few like Roy, too."

"No? You're stringing me."

"I'm afraid it's true."

They drove along in silence for a time.

"I'M sorry," said Tom, "that the girls were so sort of stand-offish. Guess they were afraid you'd laugh at them."

"Why should I?" queried Pansi. "You don't, do you?"

"No. They're nice enough, in their way."

"Rain again, kid, the rubber plant's dry."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I mean I didn't get you the first time. What do you mean 'in their way'?"

"Well, they're all alike, for one thing," explained Tom. They say the same things and they do the same things. And they're so sort of flat like."

"No pep, you mean?"

"I guess that's it."

Again the only sound was the hum of the car.

"I'm afraid," said Tom, "you find it dull out here, after New York. Walnut City is sort of quiet."

"Quiet? Say, papa, compared to this place, a deaf and dumb convention is a riot. It wouldn't surprise me if the hydrants were full of embalming fluid. Golly! There are times when I fairly ache for Broadway."

"It must be an interesting place," said Tom Corbin.

"That's putting it mildly. It's a yell. I can see the old street now. It's blazing with a million lights and there are a million people walking up and down, and a million taxis rushing up and down the street, and a million jazz bands playing, and me and Eddie and Mae and Larry and the rest of the gang, we're in some swell joint all full of marble, and chandeliers and electricity and waiters, and having chicken à la king, and hearing saxophones sob, and dancing till the sun comes up. That's the life, papa. No wonder the girls out here are sort of dead. They've never been on Broadway, so they've never been alive."

He could see that her eyes were very bright.

"Who's Eddie?" was all he said.

"Friend of mine. Little, and ugly as a wrecked flivver, but, O, baby, what a dresser."

"What does he do?"

"He jocks."

"He what?"

"O, he rides the ponies."

"And who is Larry?"

"Another friend of mine. Funny as Hoboken, Larry is. You ought to hear him kid a waiter."

"What does Larry do?"

"Say, you ask more questions than a district attorney."

"But I'm interested," said Tom.

"Well, then, Larry is a bookmaker."

"It must be nice," mused Tom Corbin, "to know authors and folks like that."

"AUTHORS?" Mild hysterics attacked Pansi. "Papa, you certainly do win the whipped cream rowboat."

Tom considered this statement a moment, and then laughed.

"I like to hear you talk, Miss Delaney. You say the funniest things."

The moon was full, and the night air was heavy with country perfumes. Tom glanced sidewise at Pansi. He wondered if she had drawn a little nearer to him, or if he had only imagined it. No Walnut City girl would have done so, he thought; but the girl beside him was an actress, queer folks, actresses. He felt distinctly uneasy.

"You were pretty hard-boiled with that long-legged drink of buttermilk back at the dance hall," said Pansi.

"Drink of buttermilk?"

"O, Roy Whooziz, the he-vamp."

"Please don't worry about that any more," Tom begged. "Roy doesn't know how to treat a lady. He probably thought because you were on the stage you were——" Tom floundered about, unable to finish his sentence.

"I was what?" inquired Pansi.

"Well, no better than you ought to be."

"And do you think so, too?"

"Of course I don't," he returned, earnestly. "Of course I don't."

Once again Tom Corbin felt that his imagination was playing tricks on him. Had she leaned a little nearer to his shoulder? Queer folks, actresses. He did not wish her to think him a stick. He felt a wild impulse, and a wicked one, too, he feared, to be daring.

"Guess you must think us country fellows awfully slow," he said.

"Roy Whooziz, for example?"

"I didn't mean Roy."

"Yourself, then?"

"Well, yes," said Tom.

Pansi's heart sank a little; all evening she had been wondering, "What's his game, anyhow?" Of course, he must have a game. All men had. She would be just a trifle sorry when Tom Corbin definitely placed himself in the category of all other men, but she felt that that moment was drawing near.

"O, I don't know," said Pansi. "You're like all other men, I suppose, only you're like them in a different way, if you know what I mean."

"Yes, I guess I do," answered Tom. "But I'm not like Roy Terwilliger, Miss Delaney. Honest I'm not."

"DON'T make me laugh," said Pansi. "My floating ribs are in dry dock. You're a man. That's enough. Slow or fast, it all comes to the same thing in the end."

"You don't trust me?" His tone was hurt.

"Not more than a few feet. Why should I?"

"Because I want you to."

"Yes, a lot you care."

"But I do care," he said, looking very hard at the unrolling ribbon of road. "I want you to trust me."

"Why do you?"

"O, because—O, you know why."

"No, I don't," said Pansi. "Why?"

"Aw, shucks"—he did not look at her—"because I like you, that's why."

He had said it. He had wanted to say it. He was glad he had said it. He wished he hadn't said it. He felt, at one and the same moment, elation and depression. He frowned at the road, yellow-white by the shafts from his headlights.

"Do you really like me?" Her voice was soft.

"Yes," he said, almost fiercely. "Yes, I do."

Again that imagination; again that impulse.

He took one hand from the steering gear. With a quick, desperate motion he laid it on her small hand; she did not say anything; he drew his hand away quickly.

A short, dark fear stabbed at him. What must she be thinking of him? Just a little before he had pleaded with her to trust him, and this was how he repaid her trust. He bit his lip; it must be that miserable moonlight; he had heard that it made a fellow do curious things.

HE was glad—and yet he was bitterly sorry—that at that moment they reached her mother's house. Pansi was still silent, and Tom inwardly groaned. He had offended her.

"Well, good night," he said, trying to sound casual, to pretend that nothing had happened. He heard a sound that covered him with shame and contrition. Pansi was weeping.

"Forgive me, Miss Delaney," Tom pleaded. "I'm awful sorry. I guess I lost my head. Please don't cry."

"I know it's silly of me," sobbed Pansi, "but I can't help it. I've been going round with men for years, and you're the first one who ever treated me like a lady."

She ran into the house. A tall young man in a very badly fitting black suit stood outside, gaping at the moon.

But—"I'd give a million dollars for a little bit of Broadway this minute!" declares Pansi as Tom in his black suit calls the eighth night in succession. And, in answer to her bid, appears none other than Marty Hess himself. There ensues a swift-moving set of scenes on the quiet Iowa farm. Read the third installment in next week's Liberty.

Keep Busy! That's MARY'S Beauty Rule

Simplicity, Everlasting Work, and Abundant Sleep Have Kept America's Sweetheart Adorable

By JOSEPHINE DAY

THERE may be a number of women more pulchritudinously correct than Mary Pickford, but what other woman on stage, screen, or in private life so completely engages the emotions as she whom Edison has called "the Darling of America"?

What is the secret of her captivating personality? The why of the perpetual recurrence of "Isn't she adorable?" and "Isn't she lovely?" when Mary's name is spoken?

One goes to other beauties for drug store formulæ—but not to Mary. Her beauty is of another making. That simplicity and naturalness which she possesses are not compounded of pharmaceutical ingredients. She has more than mere physical perfection. She has warmth, color, and that happy combination of appeal of a particularly adorable child and a most engaging grownup.

Mary has withstood the adulation of the multitudes and opportunity for spoiling as we doubt few others could.

This very ability we would set down as being first and foremost among her beauty secrets. No matter how famous, how successful, how spoiled a pretty girl, by the very nature of human weakness, may have a right to be, let her indicate by ever so slight a hint that her head is turned and we do not like her so well. We may even decide she is not so beautiful as she used to be.

It is Mary's unaffected, unspoiled, charmingly natural manner and her complementary simplicity of dress that pleases. She is never overdressed, never obviously dressed up, as it were, never weighed down with jewelry, nor with the responsibility of presenting a particular model for a particularly exclusive dress house.

She dresses in subdued tones: beige, gray, taupe are her favorite shades. And she wishes we had to wear regulation uniforms to get rid entirely of the bother of elaborate dresses. She says she would just as soon wear stocks and bonds around her neck and wrists and pinned all over her waist as bedeck herself with jewels. In her opinion, it would be quite as sensible as if one tried to impress the public with one's mercantile rating.

"America's Sweetheart," Mary Pickford
P. & A. Photo

NAIVELY, Mary tells you she strives as hard to make an impression on a street urchin as on full grown citizens. She likes people, and she wants people to like her. She is interested in people, for she believes human contact the greatest educator in the world.

Mary confesses to having had but a single facial massage in her life. What personal care she gets she gives herself. She shampoos her own blonde curls, using soap boiled to liquid form for the process, dries her tresses in the sun whenever possible, and frequently adds lemon juice to the last rinsing water to bring out the golden tints in the hair. She brushes her hair night and morning, dresses herself without the assistance of a maid, and does her own manicuring. In fact, Mary refuses to let anyone fuss over her except "Doug." That's Douglas Fairbanks, Mary's husband.

If there are things to fetch and carry she attends to them herself. She does not want to get out of the habit of doing things for herself, first, because doing them keeps her active and, second, because there was a time when she had to do them and says there may come another day of like circumstances for which she does not wish to be found unprepared, a contingency which seems most remote.

Besides availing one's self of every small opportunity to keep actively moving, Mary recommends work and constant building and improvement to keep one young.

"The minute one becomes inactive one becomes susceptible to those aging habits of self-pity, worry, 'the blues,' and the subsequent wrinkles and lines of care," Mary says, "to say nothing of piling on flesh and cultivating a lazy mind."

"One must be kept awfully active to keep from doing the things one should not do" is a neat epigram from her lips worth remembering.

"Quieter evenings for quieter nerves" is the slogan we may take from her mode of living. It is an auspicious occasion that brings her out into the night life of Hollywood. She prefers the quieter evenings spent with her family or with a few congenial friends. And then early to bed to get the sleep she believes necessary to keeping one's youth, enthusiasm, and looks.

Still another suggestion Mary offers to prevent age from settling on the mind or the face.

"IMAGINATION is the greatest gift we have," Mary says. "No person with an imagination may ever be called poor, no matter how humble his surroundings. No man is richer than his imagination. But the imagination must be exercised. It is not enough just to possess one.

"I am grateful to the gods who shaped my life so that in my work I have opportunity to exercise my imaginative powers continuously. I work like a young mule at times, but I couldn't do it if I thought of my work as labor.

"People who are always creating remain young—architects, writers, artists, sculptors, and such persons. Or it may be one who creates a garden, a dress—anything, in fact, which keeps the imagination fired. If one cannot create in fact, then create in fancy.

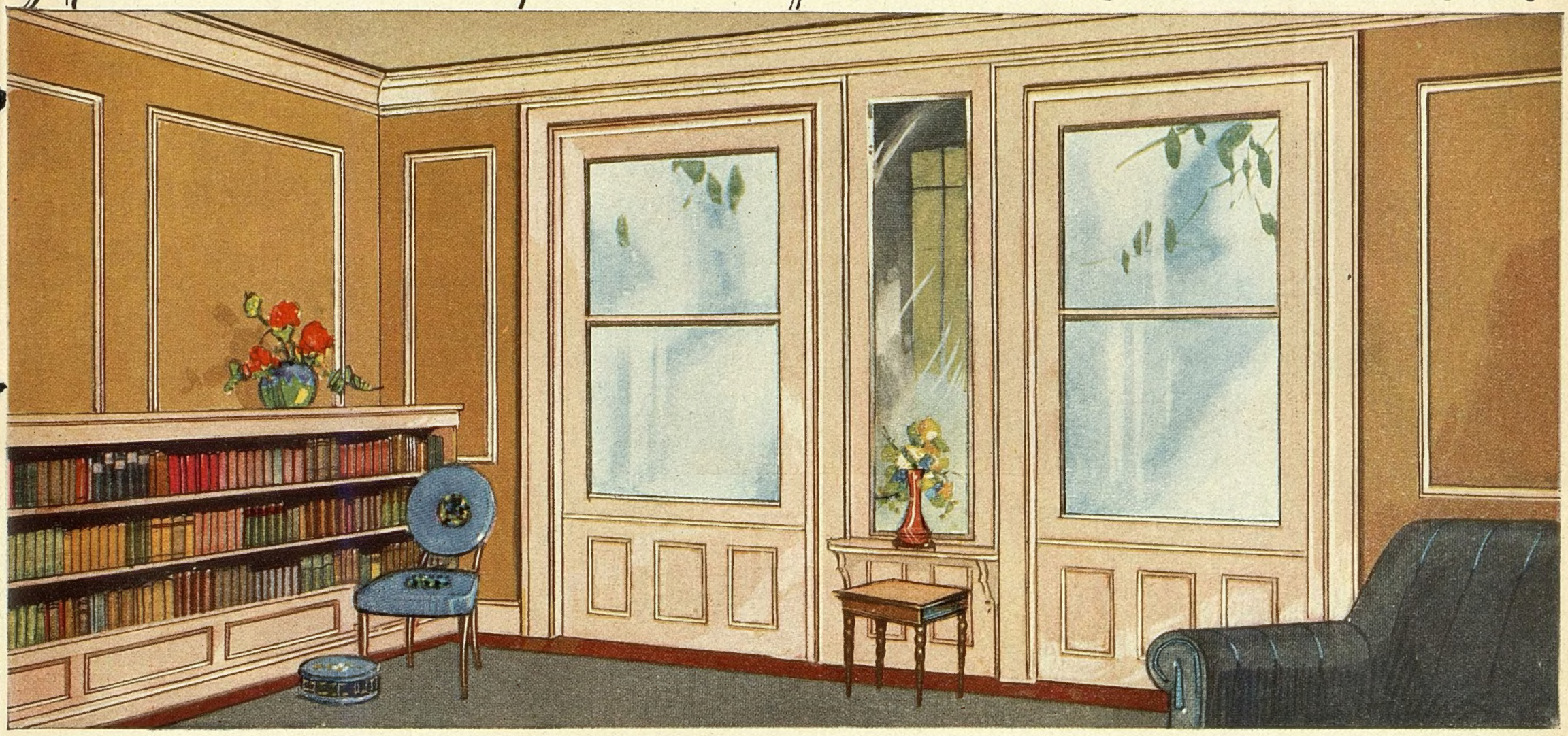
"Often when I sit in the automobile along the curb I weave imaginary stories about the passersby.

"I pick a heroine, a villain, the vamp, and the other necessary characters for a plot and then weave a story around them. It is a good game, this 'Imagination,' because it keeps your mind off yourself and your troubles, real or imaginary.

"Girls in stores could weave a thousand tales about the characters met in the day's work and thus help them forget vexatious customers and the petty irritations of the day, couldn't they?"

THE END

How would you drape these windows?



IF these bare, waiting windows were *yours*, and you are a typical American, planning to be your own decorator, ninety-nine chances out of a hundred the first question you begin to ask is, "What's the latest thing in curtains?"

Perhaps your friends, who haven't been doing any curtaining recently, won't be able to offer anything save the vaguest suggestions.

Why not get your information from experts?

The Quaker Lace Company, which originates most of the fashionable new window curtainings, is in a position to give you *authentic* decorating information and valuable window suggestions. Our designers are constantly in touch with the acknowledged authorities in the field of interior decoration, because we *must* manufacture the nets and laces which the best decorators *demand* for the beautifying of the many lovely interiors which they plan and furnish for America's best homes.

There is a Quaker Lace or a Quaker Net for *every* type of room and window—nets simple enough for the plainest farm homes, laces demure enough for the most modest bungalows, weaves bizarre enough for the most Bohemian studio, laces rich enough for palaces. We *have* to make all kinds of curtains to meet the demands of a large but fastidious clientele.

So, take up your curtain problem as an expert decorator would, and solve it the Quaker Way. Only—be sure to get the correct answer to *your* particular problem.

You may know that Quaker Laces and Quaker Nets are **correct,** for they are the curtainings selected for the homes of such notables as Mrs. Frank Vanderlip, Mr. Otto Kahn, Mrs. Charles Lewis Tiffany, Mrs. Borden Harriman, Miss Ethel Barrymore, Mrs. F. A. de Peyster, Mrs. Alice Duer Miller, Mrs. R. T. Wilson, Mr. Irvin Cobb, Mr. Owen Johnson and Miss Neysa McMein.

You may know that they are **durable,** for they have been chosen for such places as the Ritz-Carlton Hotel and the Women's City Club of New York City and other public places, where very frequent cleaning is necessary.

This is a very important point to consider in selecting any window fabric, for constant exposure to even a north light fades an ordinary material, while sunshine adds a burning action as well.

The yarn used in even the sheerest Quaker product is of high grade, especially strong, tested threads, yet it resists the burning as well as the fading action of the sun and the rotting effect of dust.

Oxford Cross Net in
Miss Peggs Wood's Apartment

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Gone!
that in-the-dishpan Look

Nobody would choose kitchen soap *for toilet soap* ~yet you use kitchen soap for an hour and a half every day in the dishpan . .

YOU'D never admit that you are over-particular about your toilet soap but of course you wouldn't use kitchen soap to wash your hands! Nobody would.

Yet you wash your dishes with kitchen soap—you put your hands in the suds of coarse strong soap *and keep them there an hour and a half every day!* Much longer than you spend washing your hands in the good toilet soap you buy!

No wonder dishwashing came to be a bugbear. Your nice soft hands all red and scratchy!

You don't have to put up with this coarsening of your hands any longer. Just use Lux for washing your dishes. It has the same soothing effect on your skin as fine toilet soap.

* * *

THE outer skin of your hands is almost as sensitive to harsh soap as a fine fabric. Nature has her own way of keeping it soft and smooth with natural oils hidden just under the surface.

These beautifying oils dry out in strong suds of kitchen soap. Your hands sting and then turn rough and red. They just cry out that they've been three times a day in the dishpan.

With Lux you can get rid of that in-the-dishpan look. There are no harsh ingredients in Lux to dry out the natural beautifying oils of your hands—it keeps them soft and smooth.

The pure gentle Lux suds are as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap

JUST ONE TEASPOONFUL

A teaspoonful to the dishpan is all you need. You can get enough suds from one teaspoonful of Lux to do all the breakfast or the lunch dishes; the dinner dishes may take two. You can buy Lux in the regular size or in the big new package.

IMPORTANT USES FOR LUX

In addition to the well-known uses recommended by great fabric manufacturers—silks—woolens—fine cottons and linens—try Lux for

Family Laundry	Porcelain
Dishes	Rugs
Linoleum	Automobiles
Paint	Shampoo

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